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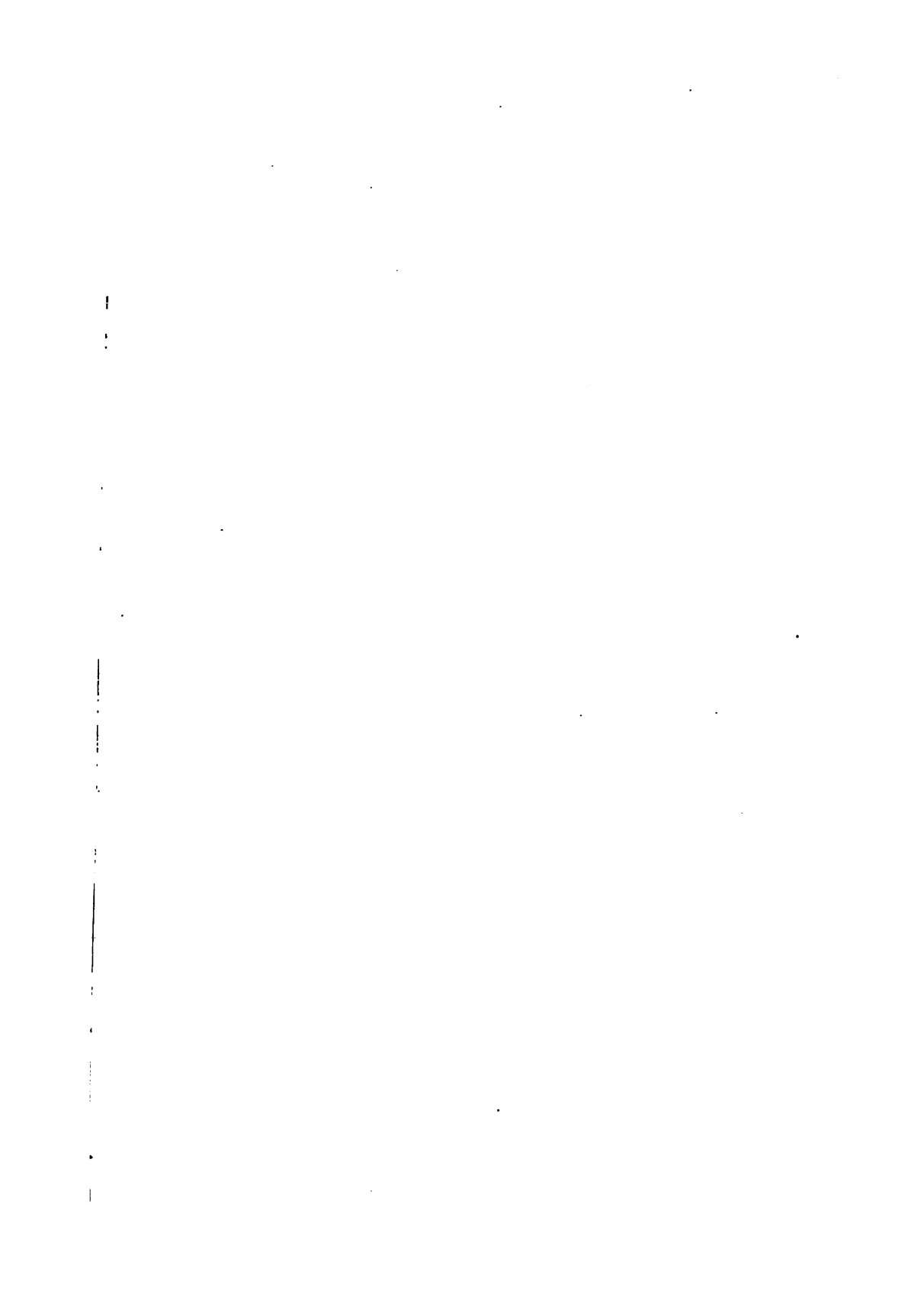
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

FROM THE BEQUEST OF

MRS. LOUISA J. HALL

Widow of Edward Brooks Hall, D.D.,
Divinity School, Class of 1824







E UCHARISTICA

VERSE AND PROSE
IN HONOUR OF
THE HIDDEN GOD

Verily Thou art a hidden God.—Isaiah 45: 15.

EUCCHARISTICA

VERSE AND PROSE
IN HONOUR OF
THE HIDDEN GOD

BY

H. T. HENRY, LITT. D.
OVERBROOK SEMINARY



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PREFACE.

DURING the past twenty years the author has contributed to various magazines some original and translated Eucharistic verse together with comment (nearly all of which appeared in *The Ecclesiastical Review*) on the translations. Although these contributions were made casually and without ulterior purpose, he finds that, together with some hitherto unpublished matter, they would fill a little volume which might well bear the title of "Eucharistica". In it he has ventured to include a few renderings from Latin prose, two of which (namely the Prayers for the Blessing of Vestments and the "Prayer of St. Augustine") were requested for special occasions. He had also planned to include, if the requisite permission should have been obtained, his articles in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* on *Lauda Sion*, *Pange Lingua*, *Sacris Solemniis*, *Verbum Supernum*, *O Deus Ego Amo Te*, etc. On second thought it seemed simpler, however, to refer the reader who might desire fuller information on these hymns, to that great storehouse itself, rather than to burden the present pages unduly.

If any apology were needed for such a volume as this, it could reasonably be based on the fact that our English devotional literature is not rich in Eucharistic treatments, and that, in respect of appropriate verse (whether original or translated), it is especially inadequate. Any one who is familiar with the notable volumes of

Carmina Mariana compiled by Mr. Orby Shipley, will recognize the lacuna in the kindred devotional field of Eucharistica. Indeed, Latin hymns of merit are very few — (the hymns of St. Thomas, the Ave Verum, the Sancti Venite, and a few others, almost exhaust the list)—nor are their English renderings so many or so felicitous as to make any further efforts in this field superfluous.

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ORIGINAL VERSE

BENEDICTION.

No more the organ vents its clamorous praise :
The trembling air a moment dubious clings
To arch and ceiling—as on winter days
The brooding snow-storm swings
Silent above—then falls in curious maze
Of flaky echoings.

Now thrills the heart with longing thro' and thro'
In the veiled presence of the Deity :
O hidden God, more hidden yet from view
Than erst on Calvary,
Thou makest still Thine elder promise true,
And drawest all hearts to Thee !

And yet but darkly in this Sacred Bread,
As in a glass, Thy glory we may trace :
Ah, what were Thabor's splendor there instead,
And plenitude of grace,
And this poor heart, or living still, or dead,
Might see Thee face to face !

Nor even thus in glory : but as when,
With mien of one that patient suffereth,
A Son of Man Thou walked'st among men ;
Or with Thine every breath,
In words of power unwrit of angel's pen,
Commandedst Sin and Death.

Yet seeing not, we see ; and duly render
Incense of praise, nor ever question " How ? "
But know and feel, O God, Thy presence tender,
Veiled as we see Thee now,
As tho' we gazed, lost in the lightning splendor
Of the Eternal Brow.

LOVE'S FOLLY.

The foolishness of God is wiser than men.—I Cor. i. 25.

I.

The Light of Light, the King of kings,
His message of Salvation brings;
But in His Manhood none may trace
The hidden glory of His Face. .

So, in the Fool's robe of white,
Doth Herod clothe the Light of Light:
In answering jest, the soldiers fling
A robe of red about their King.

II.

Behold, the God-Man comes again
Each day to be the food of men:
Love's folly stands again revealed,
For lo, His Manhood is concealed!

But now He clothes Himself instead
'Neath the white robe of wheaten bread;
And of His Precious Blood the sign
Is the red robe of chaliced wine.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I.

Nowel! Nowel! Angels bring
Tidings of the wondrous thing—
Whom the heavens and earth obey,
Christ is born for us to-day!
Angel forms and music fill
All the spaces of the sky:
“Glory be to God on high,
Peace to men of perfect will!”

But the Shepherds fearfully
Heard the sudden melody:

“Let no fear your hearts annoy;
Tidings bring we of great joy.
Fold your flocks and hurry down,
Christ is born in Bethlehem town.
Gladly then your search begin,
And the Saviour of mankind
In a stable you shall find
(Room there is not at the inn)
Wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid
In a manger!”

They obeyed,
Found the Royal shed, and saw
Swaddling clothes and manger-straw!

II.

Nowel! Nowel! Merrily
Nowel! sing, for verily

God hath left His heavenly rest
In the Eternal Father's breast :
He hath bowed the arching sky
In a manger low to lie !
Pain and sorrow, sighs and tears,
Human woes and human fears,
Biting blasts of winter blown
To His very manger-throne—
Yea, and were it this alone !
But He had a sadder lot ;
Colder chill His heart hath known :
Lo ! He came unto His own,
And His own received Him not !

III.

Nowel ! Nowel ! Once again
Comes He 'mongst the sons of men.
Still the Angels worship Him,
Cherubim and Seraphim ;
Still the voices from the sky
" Glory " sing " to God on high ! "
Still in lowly bosoms long
Echoes the angelic song.
Cold and want are with us still ;
Quiet stars, and breezes chill
Blown from every snow-clad hill,
Speak of Christmas only, till
In our mind we seem to see
Shepherds bend adoring knee ;
In our mind we seem to hear
Countless hosts of angels near
Blasts from silver trumpets blow,

As they did, so loud and clear,
From the battlements of heaven,
On that calm and gracious even
Nineteen hundred wears ago!

IV.

Nowell! Nowell! Come and see,
While your hearts make melody,
Where the Holy Infant lies:
Feast your hearts and feast your eyes,
For the King is come again
To the longing sons of men.
But behold, the altar-stone
Is His manger, is His throne!

As the shepherds wondering saw
Swaddling clothes and scattering straw,
So our streaming eyes may see
Ne'er a mark of majesty,
Royal robe or diadem,
Grace this second Bethlehem.
Poor and lowly still He lies
Who is throned above the skies.

So, though angels veil their face,
Find to tremble and to fear
In His awful Presence near,
While the Solemn Sacrifice
Weds the earth unto the skies,—
To the altar's throne of grace
Come undoubting, fearless come:
Not with hearts and voices dumb,
But in joy attuned to speak

Everything you lack and seek—
Come, ye poor, oppressed and weak,
Sick and halt and dumb and blind,
For He hath not come to find
Courtly trains of worshippers,
Royal robes and fringing furs:
But the lowly and the meek,
These, these rather doth He seek!

V.

Nowel! Nowel! Quick, I say,
Open wide your hearts this day,
For the Christ would make of them
Sacramental Bethlehem!

“ Oh, my heart is nothing worth! ”
True—but 't is the only spot
He hath loved of all on earth.
O for this, for this alone
Cometh He unto His own:
Shall His own receive Him not?

A VISIT.

In twilight silences
The tremulous flame before the altar swings
To warn me He is here—the King of kings:
And yet no chants of praise
Steal from the empty stalls; no censer brings
Its freight of fragrant prayer; no taper flings
Its faint light through the haze!

Yet in this hush profound,
What flaky echoings of harmonies
Fall from the infinite spaces of the skies
With multitudinous sound!
And in this stillness how mine ears surmise
The rustling wings of countless ministries
That compass me around!

I know the Great White Throne
Is girt about with the great host that stands
Trembling with love to do what Love commands:
And here am I alone,
Lifting two weak, nor wholly willing hands,
Unto my King who lies in captive-bands
Behind yon prison-stone.

I know 'tis all ablaze—
Thy heavenly Throne—with inaccessible light
Whereat the visioned angels veil their sight:
And here mine eyes do gaze
All unabashed before the God of Might—
I, who am fellow unto Death and Night,
Yea, and to darker days!

O all-atoning God!
O Love that looks but with a lover's eyes,
And cannot choose but see a sovereign prize
In this poor earthly clod;
O Love beyond mine uttermost surmise,
Scourge me, nor spare, till dull resistance dies
Beneath thy chastening rod!

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Let us therefore love God, because God hath first loved us.—
I John iv. 19.

I.

Hither He hies
From Heaven above—
My King!—and tries
To gain the prize
Of my poor love!

Nor day nor night
His quest abates:
With symbol bright,
One lamp alight
Tells where He waits.

II.

I love Thee, Lord:
But not because
Of Thy dread laws,
Heaven's accord
Or earth's applause.

I love Thee, Lord,
Not for the fate
That follows hate,
Or love's reward
Exceeding great:

Nor that my life
May better prove
What saints dream of—

Surcease of strife
In Thy dear love.

Whether or no
'T is lower, higher,
Than saints aspire,
I can but show
My heart afire

With love of Him
Who freely bent
The firmament,
On earth's low rim
To pitch His tent:

Whose Kingly Face
Uncoverèd
The angels dread—
Who found no place
To lay His head:

Who for me chose,
Thro' bitter years,
All human fears,
All human woes,
Blood, sweat, and tears—

Till Heaven aghast
Looked down to see
His Heart for me
Break—break at last
On Calvary!

III.

O dearest God,
Divinely blind,
What could'st Thou find
In this poor clod
Thy love to bind?

I love Thee, Lord,
Because in Thee
The truth I see
Of that sweet word:
"Who first loved me".

ECCE HOMO!

A plaything of man's hate and pride,
All worn and wan,
In mocking purple clad—new-dyed
With eager streams of life's red tide—
Behold the Man!

And yet, when senseless we, how feels
Each senseless thing!
For though a Caesar's be the seals,
Lo, Christ the yielding rock reveals:
Behold the King!

And now He plans a Wedding-Feast:
Around His Board
Throng good and bad, and great and least,
The wise, the fool, the scribe, the priest:
Behold the Lord!

Yet meekly, in His altared bliss,
He wields no rod,
While saints adore, and scoffers hiss,
And friends embrace, and traitors kiss:
Behold the God!

VIATIOUM.

To yon far, cloud-capped moutain-top, the wind
Fresh from the empyrean, hasteth first ;
And tosses gently, with no touch unkind,
Yon pine tufts faint outlined,
That like a censer swung in air athirst,
With billowy fragrance burst.

Then from the eternal silence of the peak,
Descendeth to the woodland's noisy haunts,
Where every spray, instinct with life, doth seek
Its saga-dreams to speak ;
And every living thing its singing vaunts
In endless strophied chaunts.

Haply, 'twill find some windharp's hollow, whence
'Twill seek a higher-themed song—alone
It wakes the tremulous chords to finer sense
Of their incompetence ;
And leaves the conscious impuissant tone
To sleep with sigh and moan !

'Tis thus the Spirit, breathing where He lists,
Not to the heaven-lit brow alone doth fare
Of some great Saint, in whose pure heart exists
A love that ne'er resists,
But in its benediction breatheth rare
Incense of holy prayer.

Nay, but to deeps where sun hath never shone ;
Adown through ever-thickening atmosphere
Of lessened love, to hearts whose hollow cone
Broodeth o'er Self alone ;

Yea, in that tender, melting Presence near,
Can find alone to fear!

Oh! then, if I, too, feel the vexing sweetness,
When the great heart of God is beating nigh,
And bids me leave, with eager upward fleetness,
Earth's noisy incompleteness,
Will plaintive sadness be my sole reply?
My only song—a sigh?

FOOLISH AND SLOW OF HEART.

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the son of man,
that Thou visitest him?—Ps. viii. 5.

DISCIPLE.

From doubt, O Lord, redeem
Weak heart and weary brain;
For all this mighty scheme
To me doth seem
A dream—yet if a dream,
Waking, what pain!

MASTER.

The Shepherd, child of mine,
Casteth not up the cost,
But leaves the ninety-nine,
To search and pine
Till his fond arms entwine
That which was lost.

DISCIPLE.

Yet how shall I, dull earth,
Reckon the need He hath
Of what is nothing worth?
To noblest birth
Winning from utter dearth,
A child of wrath?

MASTER.

What need, you truly say,
Were lesser love the measure;
God's, knowing bound nor stay,
Findeth a way

To make thy worthless clay
A priceless treasure.

DISCIPLE.

Worthless—but earth and sky
Could not my ransom pay:
Yet were the price too high
If but a sigh
Of Thine, O Lord, should buy
This captive clay.

MASTER.

O question not the need!
Know but the Love alone,
Willing each vein should bleed
Ere thou be freed.
See, Death hath signed the Deed
Claiming My own.

BETHLEHEM.

A THREEFOLD Bethlehem I sing—
 Of God the Word, of Christ the King,
 Of Him this day the Priest and Guest
 In Bethlehems of every breast.

I.

“In principio erat Verbum.”—John i. 1.

In the eternal solitude,
 Or ere the Spirit yet did brood
 Upon the waters, or the throng
 Of angel forms
 Leaped into sudden life and song
 To fill the emptiness with thrills
 Of life and motion, and with storms
 Of strenuous Hosannas break
 The awful silences, and shake
 The bases of the everlasting hills—
 The God of Might,
 Thronèd high in inaccessible light,
 Utters, before the ages had begun,
 His Word of equal Deity:
 THOU ART MY SON,
 THIS DAY HAVE I BEGOTTEN THEE.
 And lo! the Co-eternal Son doth rest
 In the first Bethlehem of the Father's breast.

II.

"Et Verbum caro factum est."—John i. 14.

A lowlier Bethlehem I sing
For Christ, the King.

Not in the inaccessible light,
Whose faintest ray the ages doth illumine,
Of His, the Eternal Father's face,
The splendid fount of life and grace;
But in a night
Heavy with sullen shades of earthly gloom:
Not in the Father's breast
The Babe doth rest—

But in a manger low he lies,
Whose feet should scale the farther skies;
No lightning splendors glorify his head;
No courtly trains around him pass,
And show a reverent knee
To hidden Majesty;
But ox and ass

Bend an unconscious neck above his bed!

Spirits of God! whose vision clear
Doth compass every sphere;
Whose songs can aye rehearse
The utmost secrets of the universe,
Find ye not in the Godhead here
Secrets of love beyond angelic ken?
But oh! children of men,
Now that your King has come—
Vision of Prophets, and the long Desire—
Why are ye dumb?

Where is the streaming eye? the heart with love afire?
 Whose dwelling is the universe,
 On whom the Seraphim attend,
 For whom the highest heavens bend,
 He hath no need of worshippers!
 But oh! his heart is sore,
 Yea, runneth o'er,
 Not for the silent hour, the gloom,
 The squalor of the royal room,
 The swaddling clothes, the humble straw,
 Nor the brute beasts that near him draw,
 Nor mockery of the palace shed
 That bends above his manger-bed,
 Nor the rude blasts of winter-wind—
 These, these were kind!
 The cave of Bethlehem
 Were sure meet place for them!
 Ah, no! his loving heart
 Hath yet a sadder smart;
 He came to seek, to save;
 But the rude bleakness blown from every hill
 Were yet less chill
 Than the cold hearts of men grown colder than the cave.

III.

“ . . . Et habitavit in nobis.”—John i. 14.

The lowliest Bethlehem, the least,
 For Christ, the Priest!

O Bethlehem of Christ the King,
 The snowy portals open wide
 For simple-hearted worshipping.

No earthly lore,
No strife of schools, no tongue of books,
No torch of war,
The stubborn hearts of men shall guide
Unto thy royal seat.
Peaceful the folded flocks abide
While shepherd-crooks
Marshal the way unto thy Holy Place,
Thou new Jerusalem!
Yea, Bethlehem,
From cunning Prudence, swelling Pride,
Thou showest us 'tis good to hide
The secret of the King!

But oh! for Christ the Priest,
What sinless doors unfold?
What frankincense, and myrrh, and gold,
Bespeak the royal feast?
See, humble Love and haughty Pride
Walk side by side;
And Innocence, and horrid Sin,
And flaming heart, and sluggish clod,
All, all may enter in
Unto the holy things of God!
Nay, rather, Christ doth make of them
His unresisting Bethlehem!
Oh! then, what tongues of Seraphim may tell
Thy love, my God, that will not utter "nay"?
Nor yet again rehearse
The tragedy of Egypt's curse
Against thy handiwork of clay?

With blood the Lamb hath sprinkled all the posts
Of Egypt and of Israel!

And so the weak, the halt, the blind,
The palsied feet, the faded mind,
The fainting heart, the dullèd eye,
The leper, slinking fearful by,
The sick, the dead, the deaf, the dumb—

These, these are now become
The tabernacles of the Lord of Hosts!

IV.

“Amen. Come, Lord Jesus.”—Apoc. xxii. 20.

God, and King, and Priest, and Guest,
Be not vain thy loving quest:
Saviour, who hast sighed for us,
Bled for us, and died for us,
In the Host dost hide for us,
In the Bread abide for us,
All, all, to be born again
In the hearts and souls of men,
Enter there, and make of them
Thine eternal Bethlehem!

THE TWO DISCIPLES.

They constrained Him, saying: Stay with us.—Luke xxiv. 29.

I.

The Holy City lay behind—
That wanton executioner
Of Prophets God had sent to her,
A blinded leader of the blind:
And now the Master who would fain
Restore her kingdom, she hath slain!

And Emmaüs still lay before—
The upward-sloping pathway led
Where the hills lift a freer head,
And sad hearts find an open door
To rest and long forgetfulness
Of the dark city's storm and stress.

So, if the hopes we builded fair,
In quiet moments when the soul
Seems freed of passion's dark control,
Dissolve like mist into the air,
And the tear-laden eye but sees
The wrecks of easy pieties:

O then, if Pleasure beckon us
Away from Duty's dust and heat
To quiet air and cool retreat—
Jerusalem to Emmaüs—
Do Thou be near us on the way:
Mane nobiscum, Domine!

II.

" Foolish and slow of heart to learn
The lessons by the Prophets taught,
Or see the great fulfilment wrought!"
Behold, their hearts within them burn
While Christ discourses on the way:
" Mane nobiscum, Domine!"

He stays with them, by love constrained:
They know Him in the broken Bread!
But now—the glorious Vision fled—
No longer slothful they remained,
But quick and joyous hièd them
From Emmaüs to Jerusalem.

No lasting mansion have we here,
But look for one that is to come,
Eternal o'er earth's arching dome.
The anxious mind, the haunting fear,
The strife with Sin, the fainting heart—
All this must be our earth-played pàrt.

O Living Bread, if we but eat
As they of old, thy timorous
Disciples shall from Emmaüs
Return to Sion's blood-stained street.
There, tho' Thy Face be hid, we pray:
Mane nobiscum, Domine!

THE WEDDING FEAST.

The world hath heard the Master's call,
And throngs His spacious banquet-hall
Although unworthy—one and all—
To take the smallest crumb.¹

While saints in love and fear attend,
Judas a fearless way doth wend
Thither, nor dreads the question: Friend,
Whereunto art thou come? ²

¹ Matt. xv. 27.² Matt. xxvi. 50.

THE HIDDEN GOD.

(Rondeau.)

I say to you, that if these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out.—Luke xix. 40.

To Thee, O hidden God, the harmony
Of many-voicèd air and earth and sea
Rises to-day in universal song:
These are Thy senseless creatures, Lord, and we
The High-priests of this templed praise must be.

So, while the chorus rings in strophes strong,
Shall we be mute—Thy best-belovèd—we
Who by so many ties of love belong
To Thee?

As in that elder day of Jubilee,
Then would the very stones, that feel the throng
Of callous feet and voices mute, though free,
Find in our silence an unloosed tongue,
And shout their loud "Hosanna!" Jesu Mi,
To Thee!

BEFORE THE ALTAR.

I, Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ.—Eph. iii. 10.

No more forever may my truant heart,
So torn and bleeding with Love's flaming dart,
Find rebel strength its captive chains to sever,
Nor lesser skill their golden links to part,
So shaped and welded with divinest art!

Ah, sweet, sweet tears that will unbidden start,
Ah, blessed lids that with your pearl-weight quiver,
Would ye might pledge me other tears more tart,
No more forever!

Yet in the storm of life that ceaseth never,
Though starry welkin be the guiding chart,
Who may not tremble for his weak endeavor?
Nor long for ports where shipwreck's woe and smart
May come no more forever, no more forever,
No more forever!

JESU LAUDO SACRAMENTUM.

(Tr. from the Latin.)

Jesu! I would sing the story
Of Thy Sacramental glory:
Thou art food, drink, consolation;
Thou art shelter in temptation.

Jesu! I would praise Thy tender
Love that flames with ceaseless splendor!
While, Thy flesh and blood discerning,
Our hearts, too, with love are burning.

Jesu! with Thy mercy blending,
Is Thy charity unending:
From Thy store, O let us borrow
Love, in this our life of sorrow.

Jesu! 'tis Thy meekness holy
That doth seek our service lowly!
By it, still the sinner liveth!
Yea, Thy flesh and blood it giveth.

Jesu! Sacrament of meekness,
Thou art strength for all our weakness:
By Thee, crowned is our endeavor:
May we praise Thy Name forever!

THE CHRISTIAN PRIEST.

Healer of souls, thou learn'st the law
From Him of old in Galilee
Who, King and Priest and Prophet, saw
With eyes of very Deity,
In every fainting human clod
The truest imaging of God.

Not bootless hath the lesson been:
What then, if by a judgment just,
Broken with sickness and with sin
God's image lieth in the dust?
Thy office bids thee only trace
Therein the beauty of God's face.

Samaritan, with Holy Oil
And Wine of Jesus' precious Blood,
Anoint his wounds, his sins assoil,
And feed his soul with heavenly Food.
Thy ministry is from above,
Like Jesus' own, a work of love.

To us thou preachest Charity—
The first commandment of the Law:
That in the sinner we may see
God's beauty, not the human flaw;
Yea, in that crumbling temple find
Majestic impress of God's mind,

TU ES SACERDOS IN AETERNUM.

(Written for a Sacerdotal Jubilee.)

"Thou art a Priest forever,"
To offer bread and wine—
A mystic King of Salem
At great Jehovah's shrine:
Melchisedech prefigured
Thy Priesthood more divine,
That fills the empty Symbol,
And deifies the Sign!

For God lies on thy Altar
Beneath the veils of Bread;
The Wine thy Chalice lifteth
Is Precious Blood instead;
Thou offerest the Victim,
And lo! from Heaven are shed
God's graces on the living,
His mercies on the dead.

How oft that Cup was lifted
Thy flock from hell to save!
How oft that Bread of Angels
Thy hand anointed gave!
How oft thy mighty blessing
Released the demon's slave,
And thy last benediction
Made sweet the dreaded grave!

Who then shall tell the story
The court of Heaven hears?
How oft this wondrous Priesthood

Through five and twenty years
Hath spurred the saintly onward
And calmed their pressing fears,
Or sweetly drawn from sinners
A flood of saving tears?

O mightier thy power
Than earthly kings may claim:
More splendid thy glory
Than Seer's or Sage's name:
Who canst, with lip of human,
God's word of pardon frame,
That lifts from hopeless sinners
An everlasting shame!

To-day with joy thy people
The silver chaplet see
That crowns an epoch rounded
Of fruitful ministry:
O may the praise they utter
A mystic presage be
Of the unending triumph
In Heaven's Jubilee—

Where thou, "a Priest forever,"
Shalt see no more the Sign:
The fat of wheaten harvest,
The ferment of the vine;
Shalt see no more the Symbols
Of lowly Bread and Wine,
But face to face the Victim
In the New Salem's shrine!

THE TEMPLE BUILDER.

(Lines Written for a Sacerdotal Jubilee.)

How shall we greet this Day of Jubilee?
Shall the full pulse with deeper joyance bound
To the loud clash of ancient minstrelsy—
The cymbal's clamorous song, the softer sound
Of lyre and psaltery, tinkling faint around?

Ah no! the Temple-choirs have passed away:
The smoke of sacrifice no more shall send
Its prophecy into the welkin gray:
For ministering Angels now defend
A royal Priesthood that can never end.

O Kingly Priesthood! who may sing thy praise?
What sound of psaltery, or what swelling tone
Of deep vibrating organ-throats shall raise
The chant whose theme of Christ-like power, alone
In Angel choirs a fitting voice may own?

And yet the heart too full must overflow:
Sing we to-day, not *glory* then, but *love*!
Sing we the sturdy faith, through weal and woe
Looking with steady gaze to Him above
Who wills in sacrifice its depth to prove.

Sing we the Jubilee each bosom yields:
Sing we the burden of thy Priestly years!
Thou cam'st to labor in the Saviour's fields
White with the harvest! What though thronging fears
Peopled thy soul with doubt too deep for tears?

God's helping grace, at Ordination poured
Into thy heart, and the divine desire
For laborers in the vineyard of the Lord,
Thee but to greater efforts could inspire,
And quicken thy intent with spurs of fire.

And so thou cam'st to build the temple grand
Not made with hands: and yet like him of old
Who in the desert waste of Jewry's land
Built first an earthly temple—so, white-stoled
To offer sacrifice amongst thy fold,

Thou, too, didst patiently the burden bear
Of earthly building! For those walls must rise,
Here in our midst, which, as a golden stair,
Should wed the earth unto the arching skies,
And bring down Heaven itself in sacrifice.

Not *thine* the need, but *ours:* and still thy zeal
For God's high glory made the task thine own.
O patient workman, or in woe or weal
We thank Thee for love's labor which alone
Hath raised to God a Temple and a Throne.

Still, as in silent watches of the night,
The gentle dews of heaven refresh the sod
And melt its sullen heart for morn's delight—
So didst thou strive to make each fainting clod
Of human earth, a garden unto God.

Sermon and Sacrament were warp and woof
Of that celestial web where thou didst trace
Designs of heavenly beauty, unto proof
Of the delights of holiness, and place
The splendid tints of sanctifying grace.

So, while the outer temple slowly raised
Its stately fabric, thy dear care would build
A house not made with hands, where God is praised
In every Christian heart; a temple filled
With chants of love to silent rapture stilled.

Blessèd thy people!—yet more blessèd Thou,
For whom they weave such tender memories,
And place the living chaplet on thy brow.
Earth hath its many conquerors; but these
Are blest of all, who win such ministries.

God's people led to God; the hosts of hell
Vainly besieging with a frenzied power
The stately walls of God's high citadel—
These are the gains, not of a passing hour,
That shall thy Jubilee with sweetness dower.

All praise to God, through whom the fight is won,
And who to earth hath given such victory;
Him do we pray through His Redeeming Son,
To grant, when strife no more can weary thee,
The peace and joy of endless Jubilee.

TRANSLATIONS

LAUDA SION.

Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem,
Lauda ducem et pastorem
In hymnis et canticis.
Quantum potes, tantum aude:
Quia major omni laude,
Nec laudare sufficis.

Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitalis
Hodie proponitur.
Quem in sacrae mensa coenae,
Turbae fratrum duodenae
Datum non ambigitur.

Sit laus plena, sit sonora,
Sit jucunda, sit decora
Mentis jubilatio.
Dies enim solemnis agitur,
In qua mensae prima recolitur
Hujus institutio.

In hac mensa novi Regis,
Novum Pascha novae legis
Phase vetus terminat.
Vetustatem novitas,
Umbram fugat veritas,
Noctem lux eliminat.

PRAISE, O SION, PRAISE THY SAVIOUR.

Praise, O Sion, praise thy Saviour,
Shepherd, Prince, with glad behavior,
Praise in hymn and canticle:
Sing His glory without measure,
For the merit of your Treasure
Never shall your praises fill.

Wondrous theme of mortal singing,
Living Bread and Bread life-bringing,
Sing we on this joyful day:
At the Lord's own table given
To the twelve as Bread from Heaven,
Doubting not we firmly say.

Sing his praise with voice sonorous;
Every heart shall hear the chorus
Swell in melody sublime:
For this day the Shepherd gave us
Flesh and Blood to feed and save us,
Lasting to the end of time.

At the new King's sacred table,
The new Law's new Pasch is able
To succeed the ancient Rite:
Old to new its place hath given,
Truth has far the shadows driven,
Darkness flees before the Light.

Quod in coena Christus gessit,
Faciendum hoc expressit

In sui memoriam.

Docti sacris institutis,
Panem, vinum in salutis
Consecramus hostiam.

Dogma datur Christianis,
Quod in carnem transit panis,
Et vinum in sanguinem.
Quod non capis, quod non vides,
Animosa firmat fides,
Praeter rerum ordinem.

Sub diversis speciebus,
Signis tantum, et non rebus,
Latent res eximiae.
Caro cibus, sanguis potus,
Manet tamen Christus totus
Sub utraque specie.

A sumente non concisus,
Non confractus, non divisus,
Integer accipitur.

Sumit unus, sumunt mille:
Quantum isti, tantum ille:
Nec sumptus consumitur.

Sumunt boni, sumunt mali:
Sorte tamen inæquali,
Vitæ, vel interitus.

Mors est malis, vita bonis:
Vide paris sumptionis,
Quam sit dispar exitus.

And as He hath done and planned it—
“Do this”—hear his Love command it,
“For a memory of Me.”

Learned, Lord, in thy own science,
Bread and wine, in sweet compliance,
As a Host we offer Thee.

So the Christian dogma summeth,
That the Bread his Flesh becometh,
And the wine his Sacred Blood:
Though we feel it not nor see it,
Living Faith that doth decree it
All defects of sense makes good.

Lo! beneath the species dual
(Signs not things), is hid a jewel
Far beyond creation's reach!
Though his Flesh as food abideth,
And his Blood as drink—He hideth
Undivided under each.

Whoso eateth It can never
Break the Body, rend or sever;
Christ entire our hearts doth fill:
Thousands eat the Bread of Heaven,
Yet as much to one is given:
Christ, though eaten, bideth still.

Good and bad, they come to greet Him:
Unto life the former eat Him,
And the latter unto death;
These find Death and those find Heaven;
See, from the same life-seed given,
How the harvest differeth!

Fracto demum Sacramento,
Ne vacilles, sed memento,
Tantum esse sub fragmento,
Quantum toto tegitur.
Nulla rei fit scissura,
Signi tantum fit fractura:
Qua nec status nec statura
Signati minuitur.

ECCE PANIS ANGELORUM,
FACTUS CIBUS VIATORUM:
VERE PANIS FILIORUM,
NON MITTENDUS CANIBUS.
IN FIGURIS PRAESIGNATUR,
CUM ISAAC IMMOLATUR:
AGNUS PASCHAE DEPUTATUR,
DATUR MANNA PATRIBUS.

BONE PASTOR, PANIS VERE,
JESU, NOSTRI MISERERE:
TU NOS PASCE, NOS TUERE:
TU NOS BONA FAC VIDERE
IN TERRA VIVENTIIUM.
TU QUI CUNCTA SCIS ET VALES,
QUI NOS PASCIS HIC MORTALES:
TUOS IBI COMMENSALES,
COHAEREDES, ET SODALES
FAC SANCTORUM CIVIUM.

When at last the Bread is broken,
Doubt not what the Lord hath spoken :
In each part the same love-token,
The same Christ, our hearts adore :
For no power the Thing divideth—
'Tis the symbols He provideth,
While the Saviour still abideth
Undiminished as before.

HAIL, ANGELIC BREAD OF HEAVEN,
NOW THE PILGRIM'S HOPING-LEAVEN,
YEA, THE BREAD TO CHILDREN GIVEN
THAT TO DOGS MUST NOT BE THROWN :
IN THE FIGURES CONTEMPLATED,
'T WAS WITH ISAAC IMMOLATED,
BY THE LAMB 'T WAS ANTEDATED,
IN THE MANNA IT IS KNOWN.

O GOOD SHEPHERD, STILL CONFESSING
LOVE, IN SPITE OF OUR TRANSGRESSING,—
HERE THY BLESSED FOOD POSSESSING,
MAKE US SHARE THINE EVERY BLESSING
IN THE LAND OF LIFE AND LOVE :
THOU, WHOSE POWER HATH ALL COMPLETED
AND THY FLESH AS FOOD HATH METED,
MAKE US, AT THY TABLE SEATED,
BY THY SAINTS, AS FRIENDS BE GREETED,
IN THY PARADISE ABOVE.

PANGE LINGUA.

(In Vesperis.)

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intacta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

In supremæ nocte coenæ
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbae duodenæ
Se dat suis manibus.

Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque sanguis Christi merum,
Et si sensus deficit,
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

SING, MY TONGUE, THE MYSTIC STORY.

(Vespers.)

Sing, my tongue, the mystic story
Of the Saviour's Flesh and Blood :
How our King, the Lord of glory,
Gave Himself to be our food,
And our drink, the ransom gory
Poured out on the Holy Rood.

Born for us and to us given
Of a Virgin pure as snows—
Wondrously our night is riven
By the seed of light He sows :
His indwelling with us, Heaven
Yet more wondrously doth close.

Christ, the last sad supper eating
Ere He break His mortal bands,
First the types and forms repeating
With the meats the Law commands,
To the Twelve, all types completing,
Gives Himself with His own hands.

Into Flesh the true bread turneth
By His word, the Word made Flesh ;
Wine to Blood ; while sense discerneth
Nought beyond the sense's mesh,
Faith an awful mystery learneth,
And must teach the soul afresh.

TANTUM ERGO SACRAMENTUM
VENEREMUR CERNUI:
ET ANTIQUUM DOCUMENTUM
NOVO CEDAT RITUI:
PRAESTET FIDES SUPPLEMENTUM
SENSUUM DEFECTUI.

GENITORI GENITOQUE
LAUS ET JUBILATIO,
SALUS, HONOR, VIRTUS QUOQUE
SIT ET BENEDICTIO:
PROCEDENTI AB UTROQUE
COMPAR SIT LAUDATIO.

TO THIS SACRAMENT MOST LOWLY
BOW THE HEAD AND BEND THE KNEE;
AND DEPART, YE TYPES THAT SOLELY
SHADOWS WERE OF THINGS TO BE!
FAITH ALONE SHALL TEACH US WHOLLY
WHAT THE SENSES FAIL TO SEE!

PRAISE AND JUBILEE EXCEEDING
TO THE FATHER AND THE SON!
LET HOSANNAHS UPWARD SPEEDING
THROUGH THE ENDLESS AGES RUN!
AND TO HIM FROM BOTH PROCEEDING,
EQUAL BE THE HONOR DONE!

SACRIS SOLEMNIIS.

(Ad Matutinum.)

Sacris solemniis juncta sint gaudia,
Et ex praeordiis sonent praeconia ;
Recedant vetera, nova sint omnia,
Corda, voces, et opera.

Noctis recolitur coena novissima,
Qua Christus creditur agnum et azyma
Dedisse fratribus, juxta legitima
Priscis indulta patribus.

Post agnum typicum, expletis epulis,
Corpus Dominicum datum discipulis,
Sic totum omnibus, quod totum singulis,
Ejus fatemur manibus.

WITH JOY THIS FESTAL DAY.

(Matins.)

With joy this festal day
Let all the welkin ring,
And what the lip shall say
Be the heart's heralding,
And, as the Old departs,
Renewed be everything,
Voices and labors, hymns and hearts!

For now do we recall
The Supper of that night
When to His brethren all
The Lord of gracious might
The Lamb and Azyme-bread
Gave in the olden rite
By Jewry's fathers chronicled.

Then lo, the typic Board
Bears what it but foretold;
His Body did the Lord
Give to the Twelve: behold,
Himself entire to each,
While all entirely hold,
Christ gave, as holy faith doth teach.

Dedit fragilibus corporis ferculum,
Dedit et tristibus sanguinis poculum,
Dicens: Accipite quod trado vasculum,
Omnes ex eo bibite.

Sic sacrificium istud instituit,
Cujus officium committi voluit
Solis presbyteris, quibus sic congruit,
Ut sumant, et dent ceteris.

Panis angelicus fit panis hominum;
Dat panis caelicus figuris terminum:
O res mirabilis, manducat Dominum
Pauper, servus, et humilis.

Te, trina Deitas unaque, poscimus,
Sic nos tu visita, sicut te colimus,
Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus,
Ad lucem, quam inhabitas.

He gave to weakness then
The strength of heavenly Food ;
To the sad hearts of men,
Wine of a gracious flood ;
Saying: Receive ye this,
The chalice of My Blood ;
O drink ye all—My Blood it is.

The Saviour in this wise
Did for our lowly sake
Ordain the Sacrifice,
And of its office make
The New Law's priest possessed,
Who should the first partake,
And then distribute to the rest.

The very Angels' Bread
Doth food to men afford ;
The types have vanishèd,
Remains the Truth adored :
O wondrous mystery !
Their banquet is the Lord—
The poor and lowly, bond and free.

O God forever blest,
O Three in One, we pray :
Visit the longing breast,
Enter this house of clay,
And lead us through the Night
Unto the perfect Day
Where dwellest Thou in endless light !

SACRIS SOLEMNIIS.

(In Rhymic Stanzas.)

Sacris solemniiis
Juncta sint gaudia,
Et ex praeordiis
Sonent praeconia;
Recedant vetera,
Nova sint omnia,
Corda, voces et opera.

Noctis recolitur
Coena novissima,
Qua Christus creditur
Agnum et azyma
Dedisse fratribus
Juxta legitima
Priscis indulta patribus.

Post agnum typicum,
Expletis epulis,
Corpus Dominicum
Datum discipulis,
Sic totum omnibus
Quod totum singulis,
Ejus fatemur manibus.

UNTO THIS SOLEMN FEAST.

(Another Translation.)

Unto this solemn Feast
Your joyful praises bring,
And from the heart released
Let the new anthem spring ;
And as the Old recedes,
Renewed be everything—
Your hearts, your voices, and your deeds.

'Tis meet that we recall
The Supper, last and dread,
When in the banquet hall
Christ His disciples fed,
On that most blessed night,
With lamb and azyme bread,
And thus fulfilled the ancient rite.

The typic lamb they ate—
The Paschal rite was o'er ;
And then—O marvel great!—
In His own hands He bore
The flesh ordained to save,
And then, in equal store,
To each and all His Body gave.

EUCCHARISTICA.

Dedit fragilibus
Corporis ferculum,
Dedit et tristibus
Sanguinis poculum,
Dicens: Accipite
Quod trado vasculum,
Omnes ex eo bibite.

Sic sacrificium
Istud instituit
Cujus officium
Committi voluit
Solis presbyteris,
Quibus sic congruit
Ut sumant et dent ceteris.

Panis angelicus
Fit panis hominum;
Dat panis caelicus
Figuris terminum:
O res mirabilis,
Manducat Dominum
Pauper, servus, et humilis.

Te, trina Deitas,
Unaque, poscimus,
Sic nos tu visita,
Sicut te colimus:
Per tuas semitas
Duc nos quo tendimus,
Ad lucem quam inhabitas.

Unto the weak, as food,
His Body He doth give;
The wine-cup of His Blood
To them that sorrowed live;
And said ('tis wondrous writ) :
" The Chalice that I give
Receive, and drink ye all, of it."

'Twas thus the Sacrifice
Of the New Law began,
Whose office duly lies
With priests of the God-man
Alone, who first partake,
In the appointed plan,
And then the Bread to others break.

The Bread of Angels!—'tis
The bread for men decreed :
The types shall end in this,
Fulfilled in very deed :
Himself the Master gave
Most lovingly to feed
The poor, the lowly, and the slave.

O triune Deity
Worshipped with awful rite,
We humbly ask of Thee :
Dispel the shades of night ;
Enfranchise every mind,
And lead us to the light
Wherein for aye Thou art enshrined.

VERBUM SUPERNUM PRODIENS.

(Ad Laudes.)

Verbum supernum prodiens,
Nec Patris linquens dexteram,
Ad opus suum exiens,
Venit ad vitae vesperam.

In mortem a discipulo
Suis tradendus aemulis,
Prius in vitae ferculo
Se tradidit discipulis.

Quibus sub bina specie
Carnem dedit et sanguinem;
Ut duplicis substantiae
Totum cibaret hominem.

Se nascens dedit socium,
Convalescens in edulium,
Se moriens in pretium,
Se regnans dat in praemium.

O SALUTARIS HOSTIA,
QUAE CAELI PANDIS OSTIUM,
BELLA PREMUNT HOSTILIA,
DA ROBUR, FER AUXILIUM.

UNI TRINOQUE DOMINO
SIT SEMPITERNA GLORIA:
QUI VITAM SINE TERMINO
NOBIS DONET IN PATRIA.

THE WORD DESCENDING FROM ABOVE.

(Lauds.)

The Word descending from above,
Yet leaving not the Father's side,
And going to His work of love,
At length had reached life's eventide.

But ere the traitor's hand hath led
The envious Jews that plot His death,
Himself the Lord as Living Bread
Unto the twelve delivereth.

To them, beneath a twofold veil
He gave his Flesh and Precious Blood,
Our twofold substance to regale
With that divine and typic food.

He was our fellow-man in birth;
Our food, when at the board He sate;
He died, the Ransom of the earth;
He reigns, our guerdon wondrous great.

(O Salutaris Hostia.)

O SAVING HOST, O VICTIM BLEST,
WHO THROWEST WIDE THE GATES OF LIFE,
BEHOLD, THE FOE ASSAILS OUR BREAST—
GIVE STRENGTH AND SUCCOR IN THE STRIFE!

UNTO THE ONE AND TRINAL LORD
ETERNAL PRAISE AND GLORY GRAND,
WHO ENDLESS LIFE AS OUR REWARD
SHALL GIVE US IN THE FATHERLAND!

ADORO TE DEVOTE.

Adoro te devote, latens Deitas,
Quae sub his figuris vere latitas;
Tibi se cor meum totum subjicit,
Quia te contemplans totum deficit.

Visus, tactus, gustus in te fallitur,
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur.
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius,
Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius.

In cruce latebat sola Deitas,
At hic latet simul et humanitas:
Ambo tamen credens, atque confitens,
Peto quod petivit latro poenitens.

Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intueor:
Deum tamen meum te confiteor.
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,
In te spem habere, te diligere.

O memoriale mortis Domini,
Panis vivus vitam praestans homini,
Praesta meae menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.

Pie pellicane, Jesu Domine,
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,
Cujus una stilla salvum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.

Jesu, quem velatum nunc aspicio,
Oro fiat illud, quod tam sitio:
Ut te revelata cernens facie,
Visu sim beatus tuae gloriae.

DEVOUTLY I ADORE THEE.

(St. Thomas Aquinas.)

Devoutly I adore Thee, hidden Deity,
That beneath these figures hidest verily:
Subject is my spirit wholly to Thy sway,
For in contemplating Thee it faints away.

Taste and touch and vision are deceived in Thee,
And the hearing only can safe witness be.
I believe whatever from the Lord is heard:
Nothing can be truer than Truth's very word.

On the cross was hidden but the Deity;
Yet the Manhood even here we may not see:
Nathless both confessing with the same belief,
I will make petition like the dying thief.

Though Thy wounds as Thomas saw, I see not now,
Thee my lips shall ever Lord and God avow.
Grant that I may ever more and more believe,
Hope in Thee and love Thee beyond all reprieve.

O Memorial blessed of the Saviour's death,
O true Bread that giveth man his vital breath,
Let my longing bosom feed on Thee alone,
And my heart forever but Thy sweetness own.

Pelican most tender, Jesus, Lord and God,
Wash my guilty spirit in Thy Precious Blood:
Oh, a drop availeth all the world to win
From its ban of bondage and its stain of sin.

Jesus, Whom but veiled see I here below,
Grant, I pray, the blessing that I long for so—
That, the veil once riven, in Thy fond embrace
I may see Thy glory ever face to face.

SUMME DEUS CLEMENTIAE.*Ad Primam.*

Summe Deus clementiae,
Qui ob salutem mentium
Coelestis alimoniae
Nobis praestas remedium :

Mores, vitam et opera
Rege momentis omnibus,
Et beatis accelera
Vitam dare cum civibus.

Ad Tertiam.

Sacro tecta velamine
Pietatis mysteria
Mentes pascunt dulcedine,
Qua satiant coelestia.

Sit ergo cum coelestibus
Nobis commune gaudium,
Illis quod sese praestitit,
Nobis quod se non abstulit.

Ad Sextam.

Splendor superni luminis,
Laudisque Sacrificium,
Coenam tui da numinis
Tuae carnis post prandium.

Saturatus opprobriis
Ad hoc cruci configeris,
Et irrisus ludibriis
Crudeli morte plecteris.

HYMNS OF THE LITTLE HOURS.

At Prime.

O God, who from Thy mercy-seat
Dost give, that we might savèd be,
Unto our souls celestial meat
As food and certain remedy :

Our work, our habits and our life
Through all the course of time direct ;
And haste to crown this mortal strife
That we may live with Thine elect.

At Terce.

All shrouded in a sacred veil
These tender mysteries of Love
Our souls with the same sweets regale
As flood the souls of saints above.

Then let us, with the saints in heaven,
A common joyance feel for aye ;
Himself the Lord to them hath given—
From us He hath not turned away !

At Sext.

O Splendor of supernal Light,
O Sacrifice we all adore,
Grant us the Banquet of Thy sight
When this of Thy dear Flesh is o'er !

For this, all drenched with bitter scorn,
Thou hunkest faint on Calvary ;
For this, the crown of woe hast borne,
The thirst, the dying agony .

EUCCHARISTICA.

Ad Nonam.

Aeterna coeli gloria,
Lux beata credentium,
Redemptionis hostia,
Tuarum pastus ovium;

Hujus cultu memoriae
Dirae mortis supplicio
Nos de lacu miseriae
Educ, qui clamas: Sitio.

Praesta, Pater, per Filium,
Praesta, per alnum Spiritum:
Quibus hoc das edulium
Prosperum serves exitum.

At None.

O endless joy of Paradise,
O Light of them that faithful keep,
The Host that on our altar lies,
The Pasture of Thy well-loved sheep!

We love this dear Memorial
Wherein Thy death is still rehearsed:
O by Thy love our souls recall
From death—who criest still: "I thirst!"

Doxology.

O God the Father, King of Heaven,
Through Thy dear Son and Spirit grant
That they to whom this Food is given
In Paradise Thy praise may chant!

CHRISTUS NOSTER VERE OIBUS.

Ad Completorium.

Christus noster vere cibus,
Christus noster vere potus,
Caro Christi vere cibus,
Sanguis Christi vere potus.

Vera caro quam sumimus,
Quam assumpsit de Virgine:
Verus sanguis quem bibimus,
Quem effudit pro homine.

Vere tali convivio,
Verbum caro comeditur;
Per quod viget Religio,
Per quod coelum ingredimur.

Panis iste dulcedinis
Totus plenus et gratiae,
Alvo gestatus Virginis,
Rex est aeternae gloriae.

Hujus panis angelici
Saginemur pinguedine,
Ut tam pii viatici
Delectemur dulcedine.

O coeleste convivium!
O redemptorum gloria!
O requies humilium!
Aeterna confer gaudia.

Praesta, Pater, per Filium,
Praesta per alium Spiritum;
Quibus hoc das edulium,
Prosperum serves exitum.

HYMN FOR COMPLIN.

The Saviour is our very food,
Our very drink is Christ the Lord:
We drink indeed His precious Blood
And eat the Flesh by all adored.
Yea, truly, on that Flesh we feed
Which He received in Mary's womb;
That precious Blood we drink indeed
That once was shed to lift our doom.
Full surely at this sacred Board
The Word made Flesh to us is given,
On Whom the worship of the Lord
Doth rest; thro' Whom we enter heaven.
That Bread so full of all delight,
So full of every sweetness blest,
Is Christ, the King of endless might,
Erst carried in the Virgin's breast.
Upon the richness of this Bread
Of Angels, let us feed for aye,
That this Viaticum may shed
Continual sweetness 'round our way.
Celestial Banquet that imparts
Its glory to the ransomed soul,
Thou resting-place of pilgrim hearts,
Grant us to reach the heavenly goal.
O God the Father, King of Heaven,
Through Thy dear Son and Spirit grant
That they to whom this Food is given
In Paradise Thy praise may chant.

AVE VERUM CORPUS.*(In Elevatione Corporis Christi.)*

Ave verum Corpus, natum
Ex Maria Virgine,
Vere passum, immolatum
In cruce pro homine,
Cujus latus perforatum
Vero fluxit sanguine,
Esto nobis praegustatum
In mortis examine.

O clemens, O pie,
O dulcis Jesu, Fili Mariae!

AVE SACER CHRISTI SANGUIS.*(In Elevatione Sanguinis Christi.)*

Ave sacer Christi sanguis,
Iter nobis rectum pandis
Ad aeterna gaudia.

Ave potus salutaris,
Nullus unquam fuit talis
Bonitatis copia.

Miserere mei, Christe,
Fiat mihi rivus iste
Peccatorum venia.

Salva me ab omni malo,
Fac me frui summo bono
In coelesti patria.

HAIL, TRUE BODY!*(At the Elevation of the Host.)*

Hail, True Body, erstwhile lying
In the Virgin Mary's womb,
O dear Victim, for us dying
On the Cross, to lift our doom:
Whose pierced Side, no drop denying,
Gave forth water mixed with blood—
Ere Death come, with pain and sighing,
Strengthen us and be our Food!

O merciful and loving One,
O Jesu, blessèd Mary's Son!

HAIL, TRUE BLOOD OF JESUS.*(At the Elevation of the Chalice.)*

Hail, true Blood of Jesus, given
To our pilgrim hearts, that heaven
May be ours, and endless bliss:

Hail, thou Chalice of Salvation!
Never had another nation
Such a wondrous gift as this.

In the torrent ruby-glowing,
From the Saviour's side outflowing,
May my sins be washed away:

Save me, Lord, from evil-doing,
Let me taste the joy ensuing
In the land of endless Day.

ORATIO METRICE COMPOSITA.

*(In Elevatione Corporis Christi.)**(Saec. XV.)*

Corpus ave clarum
Domini, quod nox tenebrarum
Fuscat nullarum,
cibus es et lux animarum.
Dilue culparum
sordes, precor, omnigenarum
Et fac summarum
fore dignos deliciarum.

Salve sancta caro,
te nunc indignus adoro,
Ut me digneris
in tempore pascere mortis.
O panis vive,
confer mihi gaudia vitae,
Salva me, munda,
ne damner morte secunda.

Te veneranda caro
Christi veneranter adoro,
Corpus ave cuncti
salus et reparatio mundi;
Per te mundetur
mens, sensus clarificetur.

O verum manna,
cui decantatur osanna,
Vitam largire,
dum tempus venerit irae.

A METRIO PRAYER.

(At the Elevation of the Host.)

(Fifteenth Century.)

Body of God,
All hail! no shades of night
Can Thee enshroud,
Who art our Food and Light.
Wash out all stain
Of sin, we humbly pray,
That we may gain
The joys of endless Day.

Hail, Christ's dear Flesh!
My only hope and store,
Feed me afresh
When death knocks at my door.
O Living Bread,
When my last fluttering breath
My soul hath sped,
Save from the Second Death!

My heart and mind
Adore Thee, Flesh of Christ,
For all mankind
On Calvary sacrificed:
In Thee I find
A treasure all-unpriced.

Thy strength impart,
O heaven-descended Manna,
And feed the heart
That cries to Thee Hosanna!
With death at strife,

Cor quoque, Christe bone,
contritum des in agone,
Ut sit vera fides,
confessio pura, mihi des.
Pasce tuique, Jesu,
me sacri corporis esu,
Postea de poena
me duc ad gaudia plena,
Ut tecum requiem
teneam sine fine perennem.

O grant us fervent sorrow,
And endless life
When dawns the Judgment morrow.
O let my faith
With victory be sealed—
And let my soul
Be houseled and aneled.
Then from the pain
Of purgatorial fire,
Let me attain
To Thee, my heart's Desire!

POST ELEVATIONEM.

(Saec. XV.)

Quod in ara cernitur
Jam totum est divinum;
Deus-homo creditur,
Non panis neque vinum.

Sicut hoc mysterio
Tam sacro, tam divino
Transsubstantiatio
De pane fit et vino,

Me in te sic hodie
Transmuta, Jesu care,
Totum tuae gratiae
Me velis conformare.

Omnem hic desidiam
Et scrupulum erroris
Tuam per praesentiam
Tu procul pelle foris.

Quod in meis sensibus
Carnale vel obscurum
Est, hoc tuis usibus
Coeleste fac et purum.

Propter hoc mysterium
A cunctis adorandum,
In quo spes est omnium
Et donum venerandum:

AFTER THE ELEVATION.

(Fifteenth Century.)

On the altar we perceive
Something all-Divine:
'Tis the God-Man, we believe,
Neither bread nor wine.

Now, as in this Mystery
God hath so arranged
That to Things no eye may see
Bread and wine are changed:

So transmute me, Saviour mine,
In Thy dear embrace,
That my soul may be like Thine,
Formed by heavenly grace.

May the power Thy presence hath
Be my hope and stay,
Guide my feet in virtue's path,
Drive my sloth away.

What within me Thou dost see
Fleshly or obscure,
By Thy Banquet make to be
Heavenly and pure.

Unto Thee our longings lift
Lest to earth they fall,
For in Thee, O precious Gift,
Lies the hope of all.

Sicut personaliter
Es praesens, Deus, vere,
Sic in me vivaciter
Digneris commanere.

Vacuus ut hodie
Sim, hoc non sinas, Deus,
Sed in tua facie
Sit plenus amor meus.

Vultus tui lumine
Cor meum resplendescat,
Tua prae dulcedine
Mens mea impinguescat.

Totus tibi, Domine,
Prosternor incurvatus,
Fac pro tuo nomine
Ut semper sim beatus.

As Thou here most truly art,
God and Saviour, deign
Evermore within my heart
Truly to remain.

Though it be an empty place,
Yet it longs for Thee:
Fill it with Thy loving grace
Thro' eternity.

Let me, at Thy Sacred Board
In the realms above,
Taste the sweetness of the Lord
And grow drunk with love.

Grant us, as we here adore
This great Sacrifice,
For Thy Name's sake, we implore,
Joys of Paradise!

HYMNUS QUANDO COMMUNICARENT SACERDOTES.

Sancti venite,
Corpus Christi sumite,
Sanctum bibentes
Quo redempti sanguinem.

Salvati Christi
Corpore et sanguine,
A quo refecti
Laudes dicamus Deo.

Hoc sacramento
Corporis et sanguinis
Omnes exuti
Ab inferni faucibus.

Dator salutis,
Christus Filius Deo
Mundum servavit
Per crucem et sanguinem.

Pro universis
Immolatus Dominus,
Ipse sacerdos
Extitit et hostia.

Lege praeceptum
Immolari hostias,
Qua adumbrantur
Divina mysteria.

COMMUNION HYMN.

Approach, ye just, and take
The Body of the Lord ;
Your thirst of spirit slake
With His dear Blood outpoured.

For you that Blood was shed,
That Body sacrificed ;
Now in this Banquet fed,
Sing praises unto Christ.

For by this Sacrament
The Saviour planneth well
To snatch the penitent
From out the jaws of hell ;

Who, dying on the Cross,
By His own Flesh and Blood
Redeemed the world from loss
And gave it back to God.

For all on Calvary slain,
He Victim was, and Priest,
And still He doth remain
Both, in this Sacred Feast.

When in the Ancient Law
A priest the victim slew,
In type the prophets saw
The Mysteries of the New.

EUCCHARISTICA.

Lucis indultor
Et Salvator omnium
Praeclarum sanctis
Largitus est gratiam.

Accedant omnes
Pura mente creduli,
Sumant aeternam
Salutis custodiam.

Sanctorum custos
Rector quoque Dominus,
Vitam perennem
Largitur credentibus.

Coelestem panem
Dat esurientibus,
De fonte vivo
Praebet sitientibus.

Alpha et Omega
Ipse Christus Dominus
Venit venturus
Judicare homines.

The Saviour and the Light
Of all the human race
Gives, in this Holy Rite,
A fount of endless grace.

Draw nigh, believing hearts,
All pure and wholly shriven :
To you the Lord imparts
Himself as pledge of heaven.

By whom all creatures live,
The Lord of life and death,
Eternal life shall give
To men of humble faith,

And shall their hunger quench
With living, heavenly Bread,
Their thirsting spirit drench
With living fountains fed.

Alpha-Omega, when
The course of time is sped,
Shall surely come again
To judge the quick and dead.

VERSUS RADPERTI AD COMMUNIOANDUM.

Laudes, omnipotens,
Ferimus tibi, dona colentes
Corporis immensi
Sanguinis atque tui.

Tangimus ecce tuam,
Rector sanctissime, mensam,
Tu licet indignis
Propitiare tuis.

Laudes, omnipotens,
Ferimus tibi, dona colentes
Corporis immensi
Sanguinis atque tui.

Propitiare pius,
Peccata absolve benignus,
Possit ut invictis
Adpropriare sacris
Corporis immensi
Sanguinis atque tui.

Angelus aethereis
Sanctus descendat ab astris,
Purificans corpus,
Cor pariterque pius.

Laudes, omnipotens,
Ferimus tibi, dona colentes
Corporis immensi
Sanguinis atque tui.

Haec medicina potens
Coeli nos ducat in arces,
Interea terris

HYMN FOR COMMUNICANTS.

Our praise to Thee we bring,
O God, and sing
Of Thy dear Flesh as food,
As drink, Thy Blood.

Unto Thy sacred Board
We come, great Lord:
O pity us, and bless
Our helplessness.
Our praise to Thee we bring,
O God, and sing
Of Thy dear Flesh as food,
As drink, Thy Blood.

With Thy all-saving grace
Our sins efface,
That we no error make
Who would partake
Of Thy dear Flesh as food,
As drink, Thy Blood.

May Angel-forms descend,
Their aid to lend,
And purify each heart
With heavenly art.
Our praise to Thee we bring,
O God, and sing
Of Thy dear Flesh as food,
As drink, Thy Blood.

O May this Remedy
Our comfort be
And medicine on earth,

Dans medicamen op̄is
Corporis immensi
Sanguinis atque tui.

Quod colimus fragiles,
Salvator, respice clemens,
Summeque pascentes
Protege, Pastor, oves.
Laudes, omnipotens,
Ferimus tibi, dona colentes
Corporis immensi
Sanguinis atque tui.

Protege quas recreas
Hostis ne proterat illas,
Consolidans dono
Nos sine fine tuo
Corporis immensi
Sanguinis atque tui.

Nam sumus indigni
Quos ornes munere tali :
Tu pietate tua,
Rex, rege castra tua.
Laudes, omnipotens,
Ferimus tibi, dona colentes
Corporis immensi
Sanguinis atque tui.

Hoc, Pater, omnipotens,
Cum Christo perface, clemens,
Spiritus atque potens,
Trinus et unus apex
Corporis immensi
Sanguinis atque tui.

Who know the worth
Of Thy dear Flesh as food,
As drink, Thy Blood.

Great Shepherd, feed Thy sheep
And ever keep
Over Thy flock restored
Dear watch and ward.
Our praise to Thee we bring,
O God, and sing
Of Thy dear Flesh as food,
As drink, Thy Blood.

Protect from lurking foes
Our safe repose,
And let us joyful feed,
Who feel the need
Of Thy dear Flesh as food,
As drink, Thy Blood.

Unworthy tho' we meet
To take and eat,
Or ev'n a song to lift
Praising Thy Gift—
Our praise to Thee we bring,
O God, and sing
Of Thy dear Flesh as food,
As drink, Thy Blood.

Father and Son and Ghost,
Thou triune Host,
Above the starry lift
Perfect the Gift
Of Christ's dear Flesh as food,
As drink, His Blood,

ECCE SPONSUS VENIT.

(Saec. XV.)

Eja o dulcis anima,
O soror mea cara,
Tuo devotissima
Jam sponso lectum para.

Hospitem mitissimum
Jam eris susceptura;
Quod in coelis optimum
Est eris acceptura.

Cujus est praesentia
Tam caritate plena,
Cujus amicitia
Tam nimis est amoena.

Apud te quiescere
Et tecum vult pausare,
Tecum vult discumbere
Et tecum vult coenare.

Surge, curre obviam,
Est enim tam vicinus;
Cordis per munditiam
Paratos habe sinus.

Tene cum susceperis;
Tunc ne dimittas victa,
Nisi plene fueris
Per eum benedicta.

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

(Fifteenth Century.)

Haste thee, O sweet Soul, my Sister,
All thy thoughts arouse:
Deck thy bridal chamber quickly
For thy heavenly Spouse.

Thou must welcome Him Who cometh
Meekly as a Guest—
Or on earth or in the heavens,
Dearest, Sweetest, Best!

Poor are joys of earth: His presence
Constant pleasure brings;
Poor are loves of earth: thy Lover
Is the King of kings.

To thy house of clay He cometh,
Ever to abide;
He will sup with thee; the Banquet
He Himself provide.

Rise and run to meet the Bridegroom
As He cometh nigh;
Swept and garnished be thy mansion
For His holy eye.

Hold Him fast whene'er thou findest,
Let Him not depart
Till the fulness of His blessing
Hath transformed thy heart.

EUCCHARISTICA.

AD VESPERAS.

Ad regias Agni dapes,
Stolis amicti candidis
Post transitum Maris rubri
Christo canamus Principi.

Divina cujus caritas
Sacrum propinat sanguinem,
Almique membra corporis
Amor sacerdos immolat.

Sparsum cruorem postibus
Vastator horret Angelus:
Fugitque divisum mare:
Merguntur hostes fluctibus.

Jam Pascha nostrum Christus est,
Paschalis idem victima,
Et pura puris mentibus
Sinceritatis azyma.

O vera caeli victima,
Subjecta cui sunt tartara,
Soluta mortis vincula,
Recepta vitae praemia.

Victor subactis inferis
Trophaea Christus explicat,
Caeloque aperto, subditum
Regem tenebrarum trahit.

Ut sis perenne mentibus
Paschale, Jesu, gaudium,
A morte dira criminum
Vitae renatos libera.

VESPER HYMN FOR EASTERTIDE.

Here at the royal Lamb's repast
We meet, a white-stoled throng ;
The Red Sea crossed by Israel's host—
To Christ we raise our song.

O charity divine! He gives
His Blood beyond all price :
His Flesh as food, as wine His Blood,
Love's Priest will sacrifice.

Death's angel hurried quickly by
The blood-besprinkled post ;
The Sea in twain divides, again
Is closed o'er Pharaoh's host.

For Christ the Lord is now our Pasch,
Our Paschal Victim He,
And azyme-bread distributed
To souls from leaven free.

From Heaven He came a Victim true,
And conquered in the strife ;
To Death and Grave a death-blow gave,
And won the prize of life.

The royal standard is unfurled,
The victor Christ is crowned ;
Heaven He gains, while endless chains
The King of Darkness bound.

Jesus, forever be our joy,
As on that Easter morn ;
From death of sin our spirits win,
With Thee to life reborn.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In sempiterna saecula.

To God the Father, and the Son
Who from the dead arose,
And Paraclete, be praises meet
While time unending flows.

O ESCA VIATORUM.*(Saec. XVII.)*

O esca viatorum,
O panis angelorum,
O manna coelitum !
Esurientes ciba,
Dulcedine non priva
Corda quaerentium.

O lympha, fons amoris,
Qui puro Salvatoris
E corde profluis,
Te sitientes pota :
Haec sola nostra vota,
His una sufficis.

O Jesu, tuum vultum
Quem colimus occultum
Sub panis specie,
Fac, ut remoto velo,
Aperta nos in coelo
Cernamus acie.

O FOOD TO PILGRIMS GIVEN.*(Seventeenth Century.)*

O Food to pilgrims given,
Bread of the hosts of Heaven,
Thou Manna of the sky!
Feed with the blessed sweetness
Of Thy divine completeness
The hearts that for Thee sigh.

O Fountain ruby-glowing,
O stream of love outflowing
From Jesus' pierced side!
This thought alone shall bless us,
This one desire possess us,
To drink of Thy sweet tide.

We love Thee, Jesu tender,
Who hid'st Thine awful splendor
Beneath these veils of grace:
O let the veils be riven,
And our clear eye in heaven
Behold Thee face to face!

ANIMA CHRISTI.*(Circa 1330.)*

Anima Christi, sanctifica me.
Corpus Christi, salva me.
Sanguis Christi, inebria me.
Aqua lateris Christi, lava me.
Passio Christi, conforta me.
O bone Jesu, exaudi me:
Intra tua vulnera absconde me;
Ne permittas me separari a te:
Ab hoste maligno defende me:
In hora mortis meae voca me,
Et jube me venire ad te,
Ut cum sanctis tuis laudem te
In saecula saeculorum.

SANCTIFY ME, SOUL OF CHRIST.

(Fourteenth Century.)

Sanctify me, Soul of Christ.
Save me, Body sacrificed.
Drench my soul, Thou Bloody Tide:
Wash me, Water from His Side.
Christ's dear Passion strengthen me.
Jesu, hear and grant my plea:
In Thy wounds my spirit hide,
There forever to abide;
Me from wicked foes defend,
And when death my course shall end,
Bid my soul Thy court attend;
'Mid Thy Saints, let me adore,
Praise and love Thee evermore.

AVE VIVENS HOSTIA.*(Auctore Ignoto, an. 1657.)***I.**

Ave vivens Hostia,
Veritas et vita:
Per te sacrificia
Cuncta sunt finita,
Per te Patri gloria
Datur infinita,
Per te stat Ecclesia
Jugiter munita.

II

Ave vas clementiae,
Scrinium dulcoris
In quo sunt deliciae
Coelici saporis;
Veritas substantiae
Tota Salvatoris,
Sacramentum gratiae,
Pabulum amoris.

III.

Ave Manna coelicum,
Verius legali,
Datum in viaticum
Misero mortali;
Medicamen mysticum
Morbo spiritali,
Rorem dans catholicum
Vitae immortalis.

HAIL, THOU LIVING VICTIM.

(From the Latin of an Unknown Author, A. D. 1657.)

I.

Hail, Thou living Victim blest,
Truth and Life supernal,
Olden types in Thee confessed
Find their end eternal.
Infinite through Thee the praise
To the Father given,
While Thy love the Church arrays
As an earthly heaven.

II.

Hail, Thou ancient Mercy-seat,
Source of grace and favor;
Precious Ointment-box replete
With celestial savor:
Thou the God-man truly art
In divine completeness:
Fed on Thee, the loving heart
Knows Thy raptured sweetness.

III.

Hail, Thou Manna from the skies,
Yet more truly given
To the pilgrim soul that sighs
For her promised Heaven:
Mystic medicine Thou art
For the wounded spirit;
Healed by Thee, may every heart
Endless life inherit.

DESIDERO MI JESU.*(Auctore Ignoto.)*

Desidero, mi Jesu,
Hoc Angelorum esu
 Ut me reficias:
Fac, Jesu mi benigne,
Accedam semper digne
 Ad has divinas epulas.

Hic cibus nutrimentum,
Hic potus alimentum
 Sit meae animae:
Det gratiam dum spiro,
Sit in agone diro
 Pignus futurae gloriae.

JESUS, ETERNAL GOOD.

Jesus, eternal Good,
With this Angelic food
Refresh my soul :
My heart make worthier still,
Reform my errant will,
My thoughts control.

Thy Flesh and precious Blood—
Be they my spirit's food,
Its strength, its poise :
In life, my drink and meat ;
In death, a foretaste sweet
Of endless joys.

O DEUS EGO AMO TE.*(Saec. XVII ?)*

O Deus ego amo te,
Nam prior tu amasti me,
En libertate privo me
Ut sponte vinctus sequar te.

Nil suggerat memoria,
Nisi de tua gloria,
Nil intellectus sapiat,
Praeterquam ut te capiat.

Protestor nihil velle me
Nisi quod sciam velle te ;
Quae dono tuo mea sunt,
Haec dono meo tua sunt.

A te accepi, recipe,
Quid iis velis, praecipe ;
Guberna sicut scis, et vis,
Nam scio quod amator sis.

Amore solo dona me,
Ut ego quoque amem te ;
Haec dando dabis omnia,
Nam cetera sunt somnia.

I LOVE THEE, LORD.*(Seventeenth Century ?)*

I love Thee, Lord,
Because Thou first hast lovèd me :
In thralldom sweet I follow Thee,
My King adored.

Let memory
Recall alone Thy praise each day,
Nor aught my intellect essay
But to find Thee.

I wish no more
Than that Thy holy Will be done :
And so Thy gifts, reserving none,
I now restore.

In Thy control
I place them all, for weal or woe ;
Do with them what Thou wilt—I know
Thou lov'st my soul.

Naught I esteem
Save Love, to love Thee first and best :
O grant me this—for all the rest
Is but a dream.

O DEUS EGO AMO TE.*(Sacc. XVII ?)*

O Deus ego amo te,
Nec amo te ut salves me,
Nec quia non amantes te
Aeterno punis igne.

Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce;
Tulisti clavos, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,

Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem, et haec propter me,
Ac pro me peccatore.

Cur igitur non amem te,
O Jesu amantissime,
Non, ut in coelo salves me,
Aut ne aeternum damnes me;

Nec praemii ullius spe,
Sed sicut tu amasti me,
Sic amo et amabo te,
Solum, quia Rex meus es.

I LOVE THEE, GOD.*(Seventeenth Century ?)*

I love Thee, God ;
Yet not for hope of gain,
Nor that I fear the pain
Of Thy just rod.

Thou, Jesu, Thou
Didst on the Cross embrace
My soul, with blood-stained Face
And thorn-crowned Brow.

And oh, for me
Thy sorrows—who shall them
Recount, from Bethlehem
To Calvary?

How can I well
Do aught but burn with love—
Not hoping joys above,
Not fearing hell,

Not for reward :
But as Thou lovedst me,
I love and shall love Thee,
My God, my Lord.

CANTIQUE.

(*En l'honneur du Très-Saint Sacrement.*)

I.

Jésus veut, par un miracle,
Près de nous, la unit, le jour,
Habiter au tabernacle,
Prisonnier de son amour.

Refrain.

Loué soit à tout instant
Jésus au Saint Sacrement.

II.

O divine Eucharistie
O trésor mystérieux !
Sous les voiles de l'hostie
Est caché le Roi des cieux.

III.

Oui, voici le Roi des anges ;
Mais de nous il veut aussi
Un tribut d'humbles louanges,
C'est pour nous qu'il est ici.

IV.

Tous ses biens, il nous les donne,
Et voilant sa majesté
A nos soins il abandonne
Sa divine pauvreté.

PRAISE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

*(Hymn of the Association of Perpetual Adoration and
Work for Poor Churches.)*

I.

Wondrous love that cannot falter!
Jesus in the Host doth dwell
Day and night upon the Altar
Near to those He loves so well.

Refrain.

Low in endless worship bent,
Praise the Blessed Sacrament!

II.

Angel hosts are hushed in wonder
And adore with folded wings;
For the lowly Species under,
Hidden lies the King of Kings.

III.

Tho' the Heavenly choir rejoices
Praise to sing—His loving ear
Seeks the tribute of our voices:
'Tis for us He waiteth here!

IV.

All He hath in highest Heaven
Veilèd in the Host we see:
And to us the care is given
Of His wondrous poverty!

V.

Chaque jour, don ineffable !
Il nous sert le pain du ciel,
Et pour toi, monde coupable,
Il s'immole sur l'autel.

VI.

Tout est là ! Dans ce mystère,
Jésus montre à ses amis
Bethléem et le Calvaire,
Le Thabor, le Paradis.

VII.

Pour Jésus, le Sanctuaire
Est souvent une prison
Où la lampe solitaire
Eclaire son abandon.

VIII.

Le pécheur, hélas, l'outrage ;
Le chrétien indifférent
Dédaigne de rendre hommage
A ce Dieu qui l'aime tant.

IX.

Nous, du moins, en sa présence,
Fidèles adorateurs,
Réparons leur inconstance
Leurs mépris et leurs froideurs.

V.

Bread of Angels!—Who can measure
All it means?—this daily food?
And the daily granted treasure
Of His sacrificial blood?

VI.

All is here in blessed vision:
Bethlehem revealèd lies;
Tabor with its joys elysian;
Calvary and Paradise.

VII.

How He lieth poor and lowly
In His prison-house of love,
Where the gloom is lighted only
By the lamp that gleams above!

VIII.

Sinners—ah! no pity moves them!
Careless Christians have forgot
How the gentle Saviour loves them,
Waits the love they offer not!

IX.

Bending low in adoration,
Ever constant let us be,
Making Jesus Reparation
For the world's inconstancy.

X.

Jésus est l'ami fidèle,
Venez tous, vous qui souffrez ;
C'est sa voix qui vous appelle
Venez tous, venez, venez. . . .

XI.

Ranimez votre espérance,
Tous les biens par vous perdus,
Paix du cœur, joie, innocence,
Sont aux pieds du doux Jésus.

X.

Ye who suffer, hasten hither !
Jesus calls you to His side ;
Let the flower of love not wither ;
In His presence e'er abide !

XI.

Hither come, who far have wandered ;
Come and taste the Banquet sweet :
All the treasures you have squandered,
Come and find at Jesus' feet !

**ANTIPHONS AND PSALMS IN THE
OFFICE OF CORPUS CHRISTI**

PSALMUS I.

Antiphona: Fructum salutiferum gustandum dedit Dominus
mortis suae tempore.

Beatus vir qui non abiit in consilio impiorum, et in
via peccatorum non stetit, et in cathedra pestilentiae
non sedit:

Sed in lege Domini voluntas ejus, et in lege ejus medi-
tabitur die ac nocte.

Et erit tamquam lignum quod plantatum est secus de-
cursus aquarum, quod fructum suum dabit in tempore suo:

Et folium ejus non defluet: et omnia quaecumque
faciet prosperabuntur.

Non sic impii, non sic: sed tamquam pulvis quem pro-
jicit ventus a facie terrae.

"BLESSED THE MAN WHO HATH NOT WALKED."

Antiphon: The Lord brought forth fruit, in the season of His death, to be eaten unto salvation.

Blessèd the man who hath not walked
With godless men astray,
Nor in the seat of scorers sat,
Or trod the sinner's way ;

But willeth in the law of God
To fix his whole delight,
And makes that law with reverence
His study day and night.

He shall be like a tree that grows
Beside a running stream,
Whose bending branches with the glow
Of mellowing fruitage gleam.

Thus shall he stand in glorious guise ;
His leafage shall not fall ;
And whatsoever things he doth,
Behold, they prosper all.

Not so the wicked man, not so ;
He passeth, nothing worth,
As dust is blown by summer winds
Above the parchèd earth.

Ideo non resurgent impii in iudicio: neque peccatores
in concilio justorum.

Quoniam novit Dominus viam justorum: et iter impi-
orum peribit.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sae-
cula saeculorum.

Therefore the wicked shall not rise
Nor unto judgment trust,
Nor sinners find a place to stand
In council of the just.

Behold, the Lord hath surely known
The pathway of the just ;
But ah, the way of sinful men
Shall perish unto dust.

Glory unto the Father be,
And to His only Son,
And to the Spirit Paraclete,
Eternal Three in One :

As 't was in the beginning,
Is now, and still shall be
While all the endless ages run
Throughout eternity !

PSALMUS IV.

Antiphona: **A** fructu frumenti et vini multiplicati fideles in
pace Christi requiescunt.

Cum invocarem exaudivit me Deus justitiae meae:
in tribulatione dilatasti mihi.

Miserere mei, et exaudi orationem meam.

Filii hominum usquequo gravi corde? ut quid dili-
gitis vanitatem, et quaeritis mendacium?

Et scitote quoniam mirificavit Dominus sanctum
suum: Dominus exaudiet me cum clamavero ad eum.

Irascimini, et nolite peccare: quae dicitis in cordibus
vestris, in cubilibus vestris compungimini.

WHENE'ER I CALLED TO THEE.

Antiphon: Increased by the fruit of corn and wine, the faithful rest in the peace of Christ.

Whene'er I called to Thee,
O God of my salvation,
From every tribulation
Thy power set me free.
Still pity, Lord, and spare;
Hear Thou, and grant my prayer.

O foolish sons of men,
Whereunto will ye carry
Your dullèd hearts and tarry
In worldliness, to gain
But empty vanities
And bitter fruit of lies?

Know ye what God hath done:
The mighty Lord of Heaven
Hath wondrous blessings given
Unto His holy one:
The Lord will surely hear
Whene'er I seek His ear.

Be angry and sin not:
Tho' ill your hearts were saying,
In tearful nightly praying
Wash out the evil spot,
And on your pillowing bed
Lay a remorseful head.

Sacrificate sacrificium justitiae, et sperate in Domino.
Multi dicunt : quis ostendet nobis bona?

Signatum est super nos lumen vultus tui, Domine :
dedisti laetitiam in corde meo.

A fructu frumenti, vini et olei sui multiplicati sunt.

In pace in idipsum dormiam, et requiescam ;

Quoniam tu Domine singulariter in spe constituisti
me.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto :
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sae-
cula saeculorum.

Offer the sacrifice
Of justice and of blessing,
Your hope in God confessing ;
Nor hearken the unwise
Who say, in thoughtless mood,
“ Who, then, doth show us good? ”

The light of Thy dear face,
O Lord, doth veil its splendor
To shine with radiance tender
Upon Thy chosen race.
To me Thou dost impart
Gladness and joy of heart.

With corn and oil and wine
Their stores are overflowing ;
I, greater solace knowing,
In perfect peace recline,
For Thou to me dost open
A door of deathless hope.

To Father, Son, and Ghost,
Be wondrous glory given
On earth and in high heaven,
By all His loving host,
As 't was all time before,
Is now, and evermore.

PSALMUS XV.

Antiphona: Communionem calicis, quo Deus ipse sumitur, non
vitulorum sanguine, congregavit nos Dominus.

Conserva me Domine, quoniam speravi in te.

Dixi Domino: Deus meus es tu, quoniam bonorum me-
orum non eges.

Sanctis, qui sunt in terra ejus, mirificavit omnes volun-
tates meas in eis.

Multiplicatae sunt infirmitates eorum: postea accelerave-
runt.

Non congregabo conventicula eorum de sanguinibus: nec memor
ero nominum eorum per labia mea.

Dominus pars haereditatis meae, et calicis mei: tu es, qui
restitues haereditatem meam mihi.

Funes ceciderunt mihi in praeclaris: etenim haereditas
mea praeclara est mihi.

Benedicam Dominum, qui tribuit mihi intellectum: in-
super et usque ad noctem increpuerunt me renes mei.

Providebam Dominum in conspectu meo semper: quoniam
a dextris est mihi, ne commovear.

Propter hoc laetatum est cor meum, et exsultavit lingua
mea: insuper et caro mea requiescet in spe.

Quoniam non derelinques animam meam in inferno: nec
dabis Sanctum tuum videre corruptionem.

Notas mihi fecisti vias vitae, adimplebis me laetitia cum
vultu tuo: delectationes in dextera tua usque in finem.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula
saeculorum.

PRESERVE ME, LORD.

Antiphon: By the communion of the cup, and not by the
blood of bulls, hath the Lord made us to be one body.

Preserve me, Lord, I put my trust in Thee.
Unto the Lord I said: Thou art my God;
Outside of Thee no welfare can be mine,
And in Thy noble ones is my delight.

Many their griefs, who offer to strange gods:
I will not pour their offerings of blood,
Nor take their idol-names upon my lips:
God is the portion of my heritage
And of my cup. Thou, Lord, dost cast my lot:
My measuring-lines are fallen in pleasant places,
Yea, mine inheritance is fair with me.

I have set God before me constantly,
And with Him near me, I shall not be moved.
Therefore my heart is glad, my soul exults,
My flesh shall dwell secure and confident;
Because Thou wilt not leave my soul in Sheol,
Nor give Thy loving one to see corruption.
Thou makest known to me the path of light;
Fulness of joy is with Thy countenance,
And pleasant things are in Thy hand forever.

Glory to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
As 't was of old, is now, and e'er shall be.

PSALMUS XIX.

Antiphona: **Memor sit Dominus sacrificii nostri, et holocaustum nostrum pingue fiat.**

Exaudiat te Dominus in die tribulationis: protegat te nomen Dei Jacob.

Mittat tibi auxilium de sancto: et de Sion tueatur te.

Memor sit omnis sacrificii tui: et holocaustum tuum pingue fiat.

Tribuat tibi secundum cor tuum: et omne consilium tuum confirmet.

Laetabimur in salutari tuo: et in nomine Dei nostri magnificabimur.

Impleat Dominus omnes petitiones tuas: nunc cognovi quoniam salvum fecit Dominus Christum suum.

Exaudiet illum de coelo sancto suo: in potentatibus salus dexteræ ejus.

Hi in curribus, et hi in equis: nos autem in nomine Domini Dei nostri invocabimus.

Ipsi obligati sunt, et ceciderunt: nos autem surreximus, et erecti sumus.

Domine salvum fac regem: et exaudi nos in die, qua invocaverimus te.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum.

WHEN SORROWING THOU CALL'ST TO JACOB'S GOD.

Antiphon: The Lord remember our sacrifice and accept our whole-burnt offering.

When sorrowing thou call'st to Jacob's God,
May He protect thee from His high abode ;
And from the sanctuary may He send
Support, and out of Sion thee defend.
May He thy sacrifices bear in mind,
And may thy holocausts acceptance find.
May He with fruitage all thy wishes dower,
And strengthen all thy counsels by His power.
When thou art safe, we shall rejoice : with thee
In our God's name we shall exalted be.
To all thy prayers may God His mercy show
(That God hath His anointed saved, I know).
The Lord will hear him from His holy heaven,
By Whose strong arm is sure salvation given.
Some trust in chariots : in horses, some :
But to our lips the name of God shall come :
For they shall fail and perish in affright,
While we from evil rise and stand upright.
O Lord, preserve the king from hurt or fall,
And hear us whensoever on Thee we call.

To Father, Son, and Ghost, Whom we adore,
Be praise as 't was, is, shall be evermore.

PSALMUS XXII.

Antiphona: Paratur nobis mensa Domini adversus omnes qui
tribulant nos.

Dominus regit me, et nihil mihi deerit: in loco pascuae
ibi me collocavit.

Super aquam refectionis educavit me: animam meam
convertit.

Deduxit me super semitas justitiae, propter nomen
suum.

Nam etsi ambulavero in medio umbrae mortis, non
timebo mala: quoniam tu mecum es.

Virga tua et baculus tuus: ipsa me consolata sunt.

Parasti in conspectu meo mensam adversus eos qui tribulant
me.

Impinguasti in oleo caput meum: et calix meus inebrians,
quam praeclarus est!

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS.

Antiphon: The table of the Lord is prepared for us in the
presence of all our enemies.

The Lord my shepherd is, and I
Shall nothing want:
He leadeth me to pasture green
And cooling font.

With living waters hath the Lord
Refreshed my soul,
And doth within the paths of right
My steps control.

Tho' in a valley I should walk
As dark as death,
I fear no evil—by my side
He wandereth.

Thy rod, O Lord, and pastoral staff,
Shall lead and guide,
For they my comfort are, my strength
Whate'er betide.

In presence of my enemies,
Before their face,
A table of refreshment Thou
For me dost place.

My head Thou dost anoint with oil,
With flowers entwine
My locks, and overfill my cup
With goodly wine.

Et misericordia tua subsequetur me omnibus diebus
vitae meae.

Et ut inhabitem in domo Domini, in longitudinem
dierum.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto :

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sae-
cula saeculorum.

Thy mercy, Lord, will follow me
In all my ways,
That I may dwell within Thy house
To length of days.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All glory be,
As 't was, and is, and shall be through
Eternity.

PSALMUS XLI.

Antiphona: In voce exultationis resonent epulantes in mensa Domini.

Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes aquarum: ita desiderat anima mea ad te Deus.

Sitivit anima mea ad Deum fortem vivum: quando veniam, et apparebo ante faciem Dei?

Fuerunt mihi lacrimae meae panes die ac nocte: dum dicitur mihi quotidie: Ubi est Deus tuus?

Hæc recordatus sum, et effudi in me animam meam: quoniam transibo in locum tabernaculi admirabilis, usque ad domum Dei:

In voce exultationis, et confessionis: sonus epulantis.
Quare tristis es anima mea? et quare conturbas me?

Spera in Deo, quoniam adhuc confitebor illi: salutare vultus mei, et Deus meus.

"AS A THIRSTY HART."

Antiphon: Let them that feast at the table of the Lord make
heard the voice of joy and praise.

As a thirsty hart pants for the waters
That leap from the sod,
So is my spirit athirst
Unto Thee, O my God!

My soul is anhungered for God,
The Living and Strong:
O when shall I see Him, girt round
With His heavenly throng?

Day and night, night and day do I weep;
Yea, my tears are my food,
While daily mine enemies challenge me:
"Where is thy God?"

All this I remembered: my soul
Within me I poured,
For lo, I will go to Thy tent,
To the House of my Lord.

I will go with the noise of one feasting,
With high jubilee:
Why art thou sad, O my soul?
Why troublest thou me?

O hope in the Lord, for I still
Will give to Him laud,
For He is my only salvation,
My Lord and my God.

Ad meipsum anima mea conturbata est: propterea memor
ero tui de terra Jordanis, et Hermoniim a monte mo-
dico.

Abyssus abyssum invocat, in voce cataractarum tuarum.
Omnia excelsa tua, et fluctus tui super me transierunt.

In die mandavit Dominus misericordiam suam: et nocte
canticum ejus.

Apud me oratio Deo vitae meae, dicam Deo: Susceptor
meus es.

Quare oblitus es mei? et quare contristatus incedo, dum
affligit me inimicus?

Dum confringuntur ossa mea, exprobraverunt mihi, qui
tribulant me inimici mei.

Dum dicunt mihi per singulos dies: Ubi est Deus tuus?
quare tristis es anima mea, et quare conturbas me?

Spera in Deo, quoniam adhuc confitebor illi: salutare
vultus mei, et Deus meus,

Because my soul fainteth within me,
On Thee I shall still
Call, from the Jordan, the Hermons,
And from the low hill.

At the voice of Thy cataracts, Lord,
Deep calleth to deep ;
Thy breakers and billows o'erwhelmingly
Over me sweep.

But Thy mercy was with me by day,
And Thy praise in the night :
And my prayer shall be still unto God,
My Strength and my Light.

I will say to Him : " Why hast forgotten me,
Thou, my support ?
Why do I mourn, 'neath my enemy's
Evil retort ?

With grieving my bones are as broken,
My sorrows abound ;
My enemies sorely with troubles
Have compassed me round.

" Where is thy God ? " is their challenge,
Who sneer at my woe :
Why art thou sad, O my soul,
Why troublest me so ?

O hope in the Lord, for I still
Will give to Him laud,
For He is my only salvation,
My Lord and my God.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto :

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula
saeculorum.

To Father, and Son, and the Spirit,
The One and the Three,
Be glory as 't was, and is now,
And ever shall be.

PSALMUS XLII.

Antiphona: Introibo ad altare Dei: sumam Christum, qui
renovat juventutem meam.

Judica me, Deus, et discerne causam meam de gente
non sancta, ab homine iniquo et doloso erue me.

Quia tu es Deus fortitudo mea: quare me repulisti?
et quare tristis incedo, dum affligit me inimicus?

Emitte lucem tuam et veritatem tuam: ipsa me de-
duxerunt, et adduxerunt in montem sanctum tuum, et
in tabernacula tua.

Et introibo ad altare Dei: ad Deum, qui laetificat juven-
tutem meam.

Confitebor tibi in cithara, Deus, Deus meus: quare
tristis es, anima mea? et quare conturbas me?

Spera in Deo, quoniam adhuc confitebor illi: salutare
vultus meus, et Deus meus.

JUDGE ME, O GOD.

Antiphon: Christ the Lord a priest forever according to the
order of Melchisedech, hath offered bread and wine.

Judge me, O God ; 'gainst the wicked
Do Thou plead my cause :
Save me from him that hath guile
Nor keepeth Thy laws.

Thou art my stronghold, O God,
And Thou art my staff :
Why hast Thou cast me away,
While my enemies laugh ?

Send me Thy light and Thy truth,
Let them be my guide
To Thy holy hill, and the house
Where Thou dost abide :

That so I may come to Thy altar,
The altar of God,
And utter my songs of rejoicing,
Of gladness and laud.

With song of the lyre shall I then
Give thanks unto Thee.
Why art thou sad, O my soul,
Why troublest thou me ?

O hope in the Lord, for to Him
All my praise will I bring,
For He is the light of my face,
My God and my King.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum.

To Father, to Son, and to Spirit,
The One and the Three,
Be glory, as 't was, and is now,
And ever shall be.

PSALMUS LXXX.

Antiphona: Cibavit nos Dominus ex adipe frumenti: et de
petra melle saturavit nos.

Exsultate Deo adjutori nostro: jubilate Deo Jacob.

Sumite psalmum, et date tympanum: psalterium jucundum cum cithara.

Buccinate in Neomenia tuba, in insigni die sollemn-
tatis vestrae:

Quia praeceptum in Israel est: et judicium Deo
Jacob.

Testimonium in Joseph posuit illud, cum exiret de
terra Aegypti: linguam quam non noverat audivit.

Divertit ab oneribus dorsum ejus: manus ejus in
cophino servierunt.

In tribulatione invocasti me, et liberavi te: exaudivi
te in abscondito tempestatis: probavi te apud aquam
contradictionis.

Audi populus meus, et contestabor te: Israel si audi-
eris me, non erit in te deus recens, neque adorabis
deum alienum.

Ego enim sum Dominus Deus tuus, qui eduxi te de
terra Aegypti: dilata os tuum, et implebo illud.

REJOICE, TO GOD OUR HELP REJOICE.

Antiphon: The Lord hath fed us with the finest wheat, and
hath satisfied us with honey out of the rock.

Rejoice! to God our Help rejoice,
To Jacob's God, with gladsome voice;
Timbrel and harp and psaltery bring
Hither, and take a psalm to sing;
On the new moon's solemnity
Let the trump sound rejoicingly.

By old commandment now ye shall
To Jacob's God make festival—
By old commandment God had taught,
In witness of the marvels wrought
When Israel had safely passed
From Egypt's alien soil at last,
And found his slavish toil was done,
And a new life of freedom won:

From troubles gathering 'round thy way
I savèd thee when thou didst pray;
I heard thee in the tempest's wrath,
At Meribah I tried thy faith.

Therefore, my people, hearken well,
And lend thine ear, O Israel!
No stranger god, forevermore,
Shalt thou have in thee, or adore:

For lo, I am the Lord thy God
Who led thee forth from Egypt's sod;
Whate'er thou needest, I will give,
That crowned with plenty thou may'st live.

Et non audivit populus meus vocem meam: et Israel non intendit mihi.

Et dimisi eos secundum desideria cordis eorum, ibunt in adinventionibus suis.

Si populus meus audisset me: Israel si in viis meis ambulasset:

Pro nihilo forsitan inimicos eorum humiliassem: et super tribulantes eos misissem manum meam.

Inimici Domini mentiti sunt ei: et erit tempus eorum in saecula.

Et cibavit eos ex adipe frumenti: et de petra melle saturavit eos.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum.

But oh, my people heeded not,
And my commandment soon forgot:
Therefore I let their wilful feet
Follow each vain-devised conceit.

Yet, if my people had but heard—
Had Israel but obeyed my word,
Betwixt my people and their foes
Mine arm its power should interpose.

Thus would the Lord abase their pride,
While His own people safe should bide.

He fed them on the fat of wheat,
And from the rock drew honey sweet.

All honor to the Trinity,
As 't was, and is, and e'er shall be!

PSALMUS LXXXIII.

Antiphona: Ex altari tuo, Domine, Christum sumimus: in quem oor et caro nostra exsultant.

Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine virtutum: concupiscit, et deficit anima mea in atria Domini.

Oor meum et caro mea exsultaverunt in Deum vivum.

Etenim passer invenit sibi domum: et turtur nidum sibi, ubi ponat pullos suos.

Altaria tua Domine virtutum: Rex meus, et Deus meus.

Beati, qui habitant in domo tua Domine: in saecula saeculorum laudabunt te.

Beatus vir, cujus est auxilium abs te: ascensiones in corde suo disposuit, in valle lacrimarum in loco quem posuit.

Etenim benedictionem dabit legislator, ibunt de virtute in virtutem: videbitur Deus deorum in Sion.

HOW LOVELY ARE THY TABERNAOLES.

Antiphon: From Thy altar, Lord, we receive Christ, unto
Whom our heart and our flesh yearn with exceeding joy.

How lovely are Thy tabernacles,
King of Saints!
How for Thy blessed courts my soul
With longing faints!
Up to the Living God my heart
And flesh have sprung.
The sparrow finds herself a home
The boughs among;
The turtle-dove, a nest wherein
To lay her young:
Thine altars are a home to me,
My God and King,
And blest who dwells within Thy house
Thy praise to sing!

Happy the man whose only help
From Thee doth come;
Upward his pilgrim feet are led
Toward Sion's dome
Athro' the vale of tears where man
Hath made his home.
His heart the mighty Lawgiver
With grace shall fill;
From virtue unto virtue, he
Shall go, until
He see the God of gods Himself
On Sion's Hill.

Domine Deus virtutum exaudi orationem meam: auribus
percipe Deus Jacob.

Protector noster aspice Deus: et respice in faciem Christi
tui:

Quia melior est dies una in atriis tuis, super millia.

Elegi abjectus esse in domo Dei mei: magis quam habi-
tare in tabernaculis peccatorum.

Quia misericordiam, et veritatem diligit Deus: gratiam
et gloriam dabit Dominus.

Non privabit bonis eos, qui ambulant in innocentia: Do-
mine virtutum, beatus homo qui sperat in te.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula
saeculorum.

My loving prayer, Lord God of hosts,
 Propitious hear;
 To my petition, God of Jacob,
 Lend Thy ear.
 Regard us, O protecting God,
 From heaven above,
 And Thy anointed look upon
 With eyes of love.
 One day within Thy courts, O Lord,
 Is better far
 (Though in that heaven I should be
 The meanest star)
 Than thousand days of splendid state
 Where sinners are.

His soul he keeps in peace, who walks
 From error free:
 Happy the man, O God of hosts,
 That hopes in Thee:
 In truth and loving-kindness, Thou
 Dost e'er delight,
 And givest peace and glory, Lord
 And God of might.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 All glory be,
 As 't was of old, is now, and shall
 Forever be! Amen.

PSALMUS CIX.

Antiphona: Sacerdos in aeternum Christus Dominus secundum
ordinem Melchisedech, panem et vinum obtulit.

Dixit Dominus Domino meo: sede a dextris meis.

Donec ponam inimicos tuos scabellum pedum tuorum.

Virgam virtutis tuae emittet Dominus ex Sion: dominare in medio inimicorum tuorum.

Tecum principium in die virtutis tuae in splendoribus
sanctorum: ex utero ante luciferum genui te.

Juravit Dominus, et non poenitebit eum: Tu es sacerdos
in aeternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech.

Dominus a dextris tuis confregit in die irae suae reges.

Judicabit in nationibus, implebit ruinas: conquassabit
capita in terra multorum.

De torrente in via bibet: propterea exaltabit caput.

THE LORD SAID UNTO MY LORD.

Antiphon: Christ the Lord, the Priest forever according to the
order of Melchisedech, offered bread and wine.

The Lord said unto my Lord: Be
At My right hand Thy seat,
Until I make Thy enemies
The footstool of Thy feet.

The sceptre of Thy power, the Lord
Shall out of Sion send:
Rule Thou amidst Thy enemies
Till time itself shall end.

Amid the splendor of Thy saints,
Thine is the sovereignty;
Before the day-star, from the womb,
Have I begotten Thee.

The Lord hath sworn, nor will repent:
A Priest forever, Thou;
The order of Melchisedech
Is thine forever now.

At Thy right hand the Lord hath crushed
Kings in the day of wrath;
Among the nations He shall judge,
With death as aftermath.

He snatches water from a brook
While on His journey sped,
And therefore as a Conqueror
Shall He lift up His head.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula
saeculorum.

ANTIPHONS AND PSALMS OF CORPUS CHRISTI. 147

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The Blessed Trinity,
Be praise, as 't was of old, is now,
And evermore shall be.

PSALMUS OX.

Antiphona: **Miserator Dominus escam dedit timentibus se in
memoriam suorum mirabilium.**

Confitebor tibi Domine in toto corde meo: in consilio
justorum, et congregatione.

Magna opera Domini: exquisita in omnes voluntates
ejus.

Confessio et magnificentia opus ejus: et justitia ejus
manet in saeculum saeculi.

**Memoriam fecit mirabilium suorum, misericors et miserator
Dominus: escam dedit timentibus se.**

Memor erit in saeculum testamenti sui: virtutem
operum suorum annuntiabit populo suo:

Ut det illis haereditatem Gentium: opera manuum
ejus veritas et judicium.

Fidelia omnia mandata ejus: confirmata in saeculum
saeculi, facta in veritate et aequitate.

I WILL GIVE THANKS TO THEE, O LORD.

Antiphon: The compassionate Lord hath given meat unto
them that fear Him, for a remembrance of His
wonderful works.

I will give thanks to Thee, O Lord,
With heartfelt jubilation,
Standing in council of the just
And in the congregation.

How wonderfully every work
Of His its end procureth!
His work is praise and majesty,
His justice aye endureth.

The Lord hath made memorial
Of all His wondrous doing,
His will is e'er compassionate;
His mercy, e'er pursuing.

To them that fear Him there hath come
The manna-bread from heaven:
Forever He His covenant
Will keep, that He hath given.

Unto His people all His works
Declare His awful power,
For with the gentiles' heritage
He doth His people dower.

Judgment and truth—works of His hand
They are, that perish never:
His faithful mandates, framed in truth
And justice, stand forever.

Redemptionem misit populo suo: mandavit in aeternum testamentum suum.

Sanctum et terribile nomen ejus: initium sapientiae timor Domini.

Intellectus bonus omnibus facientibus eum: laudatio ejus manet in saeculum saeculi.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum.

Redemption to His people sent
Is Israel's song and story:
His covenant forever lasts;
To His great Name be glory!

The wise begin by fearing God—
Thus wisdom's word assureth—
They understand who do it well.
His praise for aye endureth.

Glory to Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost be given,
As 't was when time began, is now,
And aye shall be in Heaven!

PSALMUS CXV.

Antiphona: Calicem salutaris accipiam, et sacrificabo hostiam laudis.

Credidi, propter quod locutus sum: ego autem humiliatus sum nimis:

Ego dixi in excessu meo: Omnis homo mendax.

Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quae retribuit mihi?

Calicem salutaris accipiam, et nomen Domini invocabo.

Vota mea Domino reddam coram omni populo ejus: pretiosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus:

O Domine quia ego servus tuus: ego servus tuus, et filius ancillae tuae.

Dirupisti vincula mea: tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis, et nomen Domini invocabo.

Vota mea Domino reddam in conspectu omnis populi ejus: in atriis domus Domini, in medio tui Jerusalem.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum.

I DID BELIEVE, THEREFORE I SPOKE.

Antiphon: I will take the cup of salvation, and I will offer
the sacrifice of praise.

I did believe, therefore I spoke,
In midst of bitter days:
All men are liars—thus I said
In terror and amaze.

What can I render unto God
For His great mercies all?
Salvation's chalice I will take
And on His Name will call.

Before His people may I pay
My vows unto the Lord!
Their death is precious in His sight
Who served Him and adored.

Thy servant, I, thy handmaid's son—
By Thee my freedom came!
I'll make a sacrifice of praise
And call upon His Name.

My vows before the people all,
O may I render them
Within the Temple-courts, in midst
Of Thee, Jerusalem!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The Blessed Trinity,
Be praise, as 't was of old, is now,
And evermore shall be!

PSALMUS CXXXVII.

Antiphona: Sicut novellae olivarum, Ecclesiae filii sint in
circuitu mensae Domini.

Beati omnes qui timent Dominum, qui ambulant in
viis ejus.

Labores manuum tuarum quia manducabis: beatus es,
et bene tibi erit.

Uxor tua sicut vitis abundans in lateribus domus tuae.

Filii tui sicut novellae olivarum in circuitu mensae tuae.

Ecce sic benedicetur homo qui timet Dominum.

Benedicat tibi Dominus ex Sion: et videas bona Jeru-
salem omnibus diebus vitae tuae.

Et videas filios filiorum tuorum, pacem super Israel.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula
saeculorum.

HAPPY THE MAN THAT FEARS THE LORD.

Antiphon: Like young olive-plants, let the children of the
Church be gathered about the table of the Lord.

Happy the man that fears the Lord
And walketh in His ways:
Thou'lt eat the labor of thy hands,
And live in peaceful days.

Thy wife shall be as fruitful vines
That hang upon thy wall;
Like olive-plants about thy board
Shall be thy children all.

Behold, the man who feareth Him
Will God with plenty bless:
Thus out of Sion may the Lord
Grant thee all happiness;

And all thy days may'st thou behold
Jerusalem increase;
Thy children's children may'st thou see.
On Israel be peace!

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The Blessed Trinity,
Be praise, as 't was of old, is now,
And evermore shall be!

PSALMUS OXLVII.

Antiphona: Qui pacem ponit fines Ecclesiae, frumenti adipe
satiat nos Dominus.

Lauda Jerusalem Dominum: lauda Deum tuum Sion.

Quoniam confortavit seras portarum tuarum: benedixit filiis tuis in te.

Qui posuit fines tuos pacem: et adipe frumenti satiat te.

Qui emittit eloquium suum terrae: velociter currit sermo ejus.

Qui dat nivem sicut lanam: nebulam sicut cinerem spargit,

Mittit crystallum suam sicut buccellas: ante faciem frigoris ejus quis sustinebit?

Emittet verbum suum, et liquefaciet ea: flabit spiritus ejus, et fluent aquae.

Qui annuntiat verbum suum Jacob: justitias et judicia sua Israel.

Non fecit taliter omni nationi: et judicia sua non manifestavit eis.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto:

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum.

O PRAISE THE LORD, JERUSALEM.

Antiphon: The Lord, who maketh peace in the borders of the
Church, filleth us with the finest of wheat.

O praise the Lord, Jerusalem,
O Sion, to thy God give praise,
For He hath strengthened all thy gates,
And blessed thy children in their ways.

He fills thee with the fat of wheat,
And to thy borders giveth peace:
How swiftly runs upon the earth
The final word of His decrees!

The hoar-frost scatters He like mist,
Like wool His snows the earth enfold,
Like morsels casteth He His ice,
And who can stand before His cold?

Again He sendeth forth His word—
See how it melteth ice and snow!
He wakes again the southern wind,
Behold, again the waters flow!

To Jacob He declares His word,
Judgments and laws to Israel:
No other nation knows Him thus,
Nor in their minds His judgments dwell.

All glory to the Father be,
And Son of equal majesty,
And Holy Spirit, as before
All time, and now, and evermore!

**HYMNS IN HONOR OF THE
SACRED HEART**

AD MATUTINUM.

En ut superba criminum
Et saeva nostrorum cohors
Cor sauciavit innocens
Merentis haud tale Dei!

Vibrantis hastam militis
Peccata nostra dirigunt,
Ferrumque dirae cuspidis
Mortale crimen acuit.

Ex Corde scisso Ecclesia
Christo jugata nascitur:
Hoc ostium arcae in latere est
Genti ad salutem positum.

Ex hoc perennis gratia,
Ceus septiformis fluvius,
Stolas ut illic sordidas
Lavemus Agni in sanguine.

Turpe est redire ad crimina,
Quae Cor beatum lacerent:
Sed aemulemur cordibus
Flammas amoris indices.

Hoc Christe nobis, hoc Pater,
Hoc Sancte dona Spiritus,
Quibus potestas, gloria,
Regnumque in omne est saeculum.

MATINS.

With what a cruel dart
The haughty hosts of sin
Have torn the Saviour's Heart,
That love alone should win!

The soldier poised the spear—
'T was sin that shaped the aim:
Its steel grew keen and clear
On whetstone of our shame.

From Jesus' riven side
The Church is born; again
Salvation's Ark swings wide
Its portals unto men.

And mercy, from within,
Poureth a sevenfold flood,
To wash our robes of sin
In God's atoning Blood.

O shame! if we return
To sins that wound Him so:
Rather our hearts should learn
Such love as His can show.

To Father and to Son
And Holy Spirit be
Glory and honor done
Through all eternity.

AD LAUDES.

Cor, arca legem continens
Non servitutis veteris,
Sed gratiae, sed veniae,
Sed et misericordiae:

Cor, sanctuarium novi
Intemeratum foederis,
Templum vetusto sanctius,
Velumque scisso utilius:

Te vulneratum charitas
Ictu patenti voluit,
Amoris invisibilis
Ut veneremur vulnera.

Hoc sub amoris symbolo
Passus cruenta et mystica,
Utrumque sacrificium
Christus Sacerdos obtulit.

Quis non amantem redamet?
Quis non redemptus diligat,
Et Corde in isto seligat
Aeterna tabernacula?

Decus Parenti et Filio,
Sanctoque sit Spiritui,
Quibus potestas, gloria,
Regnumque in omne est saeculum.

LAUDS.

O Heart, Thine Ark doth hold
No law of bondage old,
But the New Law's release
Of mercy, grace and peace.

O Heart, Thou holier tent
Of a New Testament—
Far holier than the fane
Whose veil was rent in twain.

O Heart, what wounded Thee
But Thine own Charity?
That mortal eyes might prove
The depths of hidden love.

We gaze upon the Sign
Of suffering Divine,
And see, as in a glass,
Calvary and the Mass.

Ah who, such love that views,
Could answering love refuse?
Or seek, save in Thy breast,
His everlasting rest?

To Father and to Son
And Spirit, Three in One,
The power and kingdom be
Through all eternity.

AD VESPERAS.

Auctor beate saeculi,
Christe, Redemptor omnium,
Lumen Patris de lumine,
Deusque verus de Deo,

Amor coegit te tuus
Mortale corpus sumere,
Ut novus Adam redderes
Quod vetus ille abstulerat:

Ille amor, almus artifex
Terrae marisque et siderum,
Errata patrum miserans,
Et nostra rumpens vincula.

Non Corde discedat tuo
Vis illa amoris inclyti:
Hoc fonte gentes hauriant
Remissionis gratiam.

Percussum ad hoc est lancea,
Passumque ad hoc est vulnera,
Ut nos lavaret sordibus
Unda fluente et sanguine.

Decus Parenti et Filio,
Sanctoque sit Spiritui,
Quibus potestas, gloria,
Regnumque in omne est saeculum.

VESPERS.

Blest Author of the world,
Redeemer of our race,
Thou very God of God,
Light of the Father's face:

'T was love that bade Thee take
Our frame of mortal clay,
New Adam! and bring back
What the Old bore away.

Thy love that builded fair
The earth, the sea, the stars;
That pitied olden faults,
And brake our prison-bars:

O may Thy Heart retain
Foraye such wondrous love!
Let all approach the Fount,
And Thy sweet mercy prove.

For this alone the lance
Set free Its saving flood,
To wash our sins away
In water and in blood.

To Father and to Son
And Holy Spirit be
The kingdom and the power
Through all eternity.

AD MATUTINUM.

Quicumque certum quaeritis
Rebus levamen asperis:
Seu culpa mordet anxia,
Seu poena vos premit comes:

Jesu, qui, ut agnus innocens,
Sese immolandum tradidit,
Ad Cor reclusum vulnere,
Ad mite Cor accedite.

Auditis ut suavissimis
Invitet omnes vocibus:
Venite, quos gravat labor,
Premittque pondus criminum.

Quid corde Jesu mitius?
Jesum cruci qui affixerant
Excusat, et Patrem rogat,
Ne perdat ultor impios.

O Cor, voluptas Coelitum,
Cor, fida spes mortalium,
En hisce tracti vocibus,
Ad te venimus supplices.

Tu nostra terge vulnere
Ex te fluente sanguine:
Tu da novum cor omnibus,
Qui te gementes invocant.

MATINS.

Whoso would seek to win
A sweet content,
Far from the cares of sin
And punishment—

For you the Saviour bore
All pain and smart:
Enter, then, at the door
Of His pierced Heart.

O list the loving call
Of Christ the King:
“Come, ye that labor; all
Your sorrows bring!”

Ah me! what pity stirs
That Heart so meek,
Which for His murderers
Would pardon seek!

O Heart that dost rejoice
Angels and men,
We list Thy loving voice—
Accept us, then.

Our sins, in Thy dear Blood,
Wash Thou away:
Grant us a heart renewed,
We humbly pray.

AD LAUDES.

Summi Parentis Filio,
Patri futuri saeculi,
Pacis beatae principi,
Promamus ore canticum.

Qui vulneratus pectore
Amoris ictum pertulit,
Amoris urens ignibus
Ipsum qui amantem diligunt.

Jesu, doloris victima,
Quis te innocentem compulit
Dura ut apertum lancea
Latus pateret vulnere?

O fons amoris inclyte,
O vena aquarum limpida,
O flamma adurens crimina,
O Cordis ardens charitas!

In Corde, Jesu, jugiter
Reconde nos, ut uberi
Dono fruamur gratiae,
Coelique tandem praemiis.

Semper Parenti et Filio
Sit laus, honor, sit gloria,
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula.

LAUDS.

O sole-begotten Son,
Father of world to be,
O Prince of peace, to Thee
Our praise be done.

Thou Who, within Thy breast,
The wound of love didst bear,
Mak'st them the pain to share
Who love Thee best.

O Victim of our sin,
Who bade the lance make wide
The portals that would hide
The wound within?

O wondrous Fount of love,
O panting hart's desire,
O sin-consuming Fire
Sent from above!

Within Thy Heart, dear Lord,
Our trembling spirits place:
Grant us abundant grace,
And Heaven's reward.

To Jesus, Mary's Son,
Father, and Paraclete,
Let endless honor meet
And praise be done!

AD COR JESU.

Cor meum tibi dedo
Jesu dulcissime!
En cor pro corde cedo,
Jesu suavissime!
Tu corda sola expetis,
Tu sola corda diligis:
Ah, amem te ut amas me,
Jesu suavissime!

Quid reddam caritati,
Quod Deus natus es?
Quid dabo pietati,
Quod homo factus es?
Cor, inquis, praebe, fili mi:
En cedo cor, O Jesu mi!
Ah, amem te ut amas me,
Jesu suavissime!

Cor tuum est apertum
Ut intrem libere,
Ut cordi cor insertum
Condatur intime.
Ah, Jesu mi, amoris vi
Dedisti te ut darem me.
Ah, amem te ut amas me,
Jesu suavissime!

TO THE HEART OF JESUS.

O dearest Love divine,
 My heart to Thee I give,
 Exchanging it for Thine,
 That Thou in me may'st live.
 Most loving and most meek,
 Hearts only dost Thou seek :
 O may my heart but prove
 A love like Thine, sweet Love!

Who can requite the love
 Shown in the wondrous plan,
 Whereby the God above
 For me became a Man?
 Thou say'st: " Give Me thy heart!"
 With it I freely part
 Hoping that it may prove
 A love like Thine, sweet Love!

Thy Heart is opened wide
 That, freely entering in,
 I may Thy guest abide,
 And newer life begin.
 This doest Thou, to gain
 My love, and e'er retain :
 O may my answer prove
 A love like Thine, sweet Love!

Hic cordis firmamentum,
Hic tuta quies est,
Amoris fulcimentum,
Hic certa salus est;
In petrae hoc foramine,
In cordis hac macerie,
Hic muniar, hic uniar,
Jesu carissime!

Here in Thy Heart I find
A haven of sweet rest,
An ever-quiet mind,
A mansion of the Blest:
Rock that wast cleft for me,
Behold, I fly to Thee,
Like a world-weary dove
Home to its mated Love!

AD JESUM.

Dignare me, O Jesu, rogo te,
In cordis vulnere abscondere ;
 Permitte me hic vivere,
In tuo latere quiescere.

Si praeparet daemon insidias,
Et mundus offerat divitias,
 In tuo corde tutus sum,
In tuo latere securus sum.

Fallacior si caro lubricis
Mentem exagitet blanditiis,
 Nil metuo, hic tutus sum,
Est meum latus hoc refugium.

Si oculos claudat fatalis sors,
Et vitam terminet feralis mors,
 O Jesu ne dimitte me,
Da, tuo moriar in latere.

TO JESUS.

My dearest Saviour, I would fain
Within Thy Sacred Heart remain:
O let me safe abide
Forever in Thy wounded Side.

In vain the demon lays his snares,
In vain the bribe of worldly wares:
He can not tempt a pride
Forgotten in Thy wounded Side.

And tho' the flesh wage war, my soul
In guilty pleasures to control,
For me is opened wide
The portal of Thy wounded Side.

When fading sight and fluttering breath
Proclaim the near approach of death,
O Saviour, let me hide
And die within Thy wounded Side.

IVLIO STERBINIO FAMILIARI.

(Leo XIII an. MDCCCXCVII.)

Iuli, munus habe Cor Iesu: manat abunde
Inde, viden, iugis vena salubris aquae.

Hunc alacer propera ad fontem, hoc te merge lavacro:
Continuo labes eluit unda tuas.

Emergis nive candidior; defigere coelo
Lumina iamque acie vividiores vales.

Magna aude: discas mortalia spernere, discas
Calcere intrepido cuncta caduca pede.

Sit pudor indigno flagrare cupidine; saeculi
Sitque capi illecebris deliciisque pudor.

Unum Cor Iesu o sapias, Iuli! unaque Iesus
Sit tibi non mendax gloria et unus amor:

Invictum robur dubia in certamina vitae,
Fulgida lux signans tutum iter ad patriam!

POPE LEO TO JULIUS STERBINI.

(1897.)

Julius, as gift to thee, I send
 The Saviour's Heart, whence flow
 Life-giving streams that have no end,
 To heal our every woe.
 O haste thee to that fountain clear,
 Accept that healing bath:
 In whiter raiment thou'lt appear
 Than e'en the snowflake hath.
 Thou comest forth: lo, cleansed of sin,
 Now canst thou fix thine eyes
 With steadier gaze than erst had been,
 Upon the expectant skies.
 O greatly dare! securely learn
 How fearlessly thy feet
 Should earth's decaying splendor spurn
 To gain the heavenly seat.
 Shame lurks in every earthly lust;
 Fear then each foul desire:
 Tread wanton pleasure in the dust,
 And quench the smouldering fire.
 Christ's Heart alone thy wisdom be,
 Thy strength, thy glory blest;
 Thy love, that ceaseless as the sea
 Beats in thy flaming breast:
 A tower of strength that shall thy foes
 And all their darts withstand;
 A light that safe the pathway shows
 Unto the Fatherland.

IVLII STERBINI FILIIS.

(An. MDCCCXCVII.)

Imperat ipse Deus IESUM redamemus amantem:
Eia agite, o pueri, ad Iesum properate volentes:
Huc mens, huc animus: mortalia quaeque perosi
Hoc unum eniti primis assuescite ab annis,
Ardeat ut vestris divinus cordibus ignis.
Exemplo en vobis mater praelucet, Iulus
En genitor; calcare iuvat vestigia sancta.
Nil sit dulce magis quam CORDE quiescere IESV
Divinoque sinu cupide magis usque recondi!
Hic fons ad vitam saliens: hinc larga bonorum
Copia, rebusque in trepidis caeleste levamen;
Hostibus in pugna domitis partoque triumpho,
Hic tranquilla quies, praesens tutissima in aevum,
Aeternae vobis felix praenuncia pacis.

A SONNET ON THE SACRED HEART.

(Pope Leo XIII.)

God bids us love His ever-loving Son :
Hasten, O children, to the Saviour's side ;
There only may your hearts and minds abide ;
Through all the years to come, be this your one
Perpetual work, in tenderest years begun—
To nourish love for Jesus Crucified.
Father and mother shall your footsteps guide,
And teach how sweetly God's sweet will is done.
Ah, what more blessed refuge in the strife
May wearied spirits find, than Jesus' Heart?
That Fountain springing up to endless life,
And scattering dewy balsam on each smart ;
That Pledge of peace, where stormy war is rife,
Making the very earth heaven's counterpart !

**HYMNS IN HONOR OF THE
HOLY NAME**

JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.*(In Vesperis.)*

Jesu dulcis memoria,
Dans vera cordis gaudia :
Sed super mel, et omnia,
Ejus dulcis praesentia. .

Nil canitur suavius,
Nil auditur jucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

Jesu, spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus,
Quam bonus te quaerentibus,
Sed quid invenientibus !

Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec littera exprimere ;
Expertus potest credere
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

Sis, Jesu, nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurus praemium ;
Sit nostra in te gloria,
Per cuncta semper saecula.

THE MEMORY OF JESUS SWEET.

(Vespers.)

The memory of Jesus sweet
Doth make the heart with rapture beat ;
But honey, yea, nor aught can mete
The joy His Presence doth complete !

No softer singing e'er was done,
Or sound of gladder music none ;
No sweeter thought e'er dwelt upon,
Than Jesus, Saviour, God the Son.

Jesus, hope of the contrite mind,
To them that ask, how sweet inclined !
To them that seek Thee, ever kind :
But what art Thou to them that find !

No tongue availeth to confess,
No word nor thought can e'er express—
He only knows that doth possess
In love, the Saviour's sweet caress.

O Jesus, be our hope, we pray,
Who our reward shalt be for aye ;
Our glory be with Thee to stay
Through endless ages of the Day !

JESU REX ADMIRABILIS.

(Ad Matutinum.)

Jesu, Rex admirabilis,
Et triumphator nobilis,
Dulcedo ineffabilis,
Totus desiderabilis:

Quando cor nostrum visitas,
Tunc lucet ei veritas,
Mundi vilescit vanitas,
Et intus fervet caritas.

Jesu, dulcedo cordium,
Fons vivus, lumen mentium,
Excedens omne gaudium,
Et omne desiderium.

Jesum omnes agnoscite,
Amorem ejus poscite;
Jesum ardenter quaerite,
Quaerendo inardescite.

Te nostra, Jesu, vox sonet,
Nostri te mores exprimant,
Te corda nostra diligant,
Et nunc et in perpetuum.

JESUS THE ADMIRABLE KING.

(Matins.)

Jesu! the Admirable King,
The mighty Conqueror triumphing:
O Sweetness tongue can never sing—
Beyond the heart's imagining!

If Thou but come in gentle ruth,
How shines on us the light of Truth!
How viler grows the world uncouth,
How fervent love renews its youth!

Jesu! the sweetness of the heart,
The living fount, the pilgrim's chart,
Beyond all joys of earth Thou art,
And all desires they can impart!

Seek ye but Jesus! Look above,
And ask alone His deepest love:
With ardor Jesus seek, whereof
The search alone can joyance prove.

Thee, Jesus, let our voices name:
Our lives, our works, Thy love proclaim:
Now and forever may the same
Sweet love of Thee our hearts inflame.

JESU DEUS ANGELICUM.

(Ad Laudes.)

Jesu, decus angelicum,
In aure dulce canticum,
In ore mel mirificum,
In corde nectar caelicum.

Qui te gustant, esuriunt;
Qui bibunt, adhuc sitiunt;
Desiderare nesciunt,
Nisi Jesum, quem diligunt.

O Jesu mi dulcissime,
Spes suspirantis animae!
Te quaerunt piae lacrimae,
Te clamor mentis intimae.

Mane nobiscum, Domine,
Et nos illustra lumine;
Pulsa mentis caligine,
Mundum reple dulcedine.

JESU! IN THEE ARE ANGELS CROWNED.*(Lauds.)*

Jesu! in Thee are angels crowned:
No ear hath heard a softer sound,
Nor tongue more wondrous honey found,
Nor heart a nectar so renowned.

Who taste of Thee shall hunger still;
Who drink, shall thirst for that pure rill:
They know no other wish nor will
Than Thee, their longing hearts to fill.

Jesu! my love, my hope, my prize,
To Thee my soul breathes out in sighs;
Thee seek the tear-drops in mine eyes;
To Thee my inmost spirit cries.

Remain with us, O God of might!
Our hearts illumine and make bright;
Drive from our souls the gloom of night,
And fill the world with sweet delight!

COMMENT

THE THEME ANGELIO.

Laudis thema specialis,
Panis vivus et vitalis
Hodie proponitur.

THE number of Latin hymns¹ and the variety, and especially the sublimity of their themes, must be a matter of wonder to any one who will not see in the Catholic Church the Spouse of Christ singing a perpetual canticle

¹ The *Thesaurus Hymnologicus* of Daniel, the *Lateinische Hymnen des Mittelalters* of Mone, and the many less ambitious collections which followed the pathways traced out by Daniel and Mone, instead of representing the complete hymnal treasures of the Middle Ages, served rather to point out the necessity of more earnest efforts, or at least of a much greater expenditure of time, in the laborious work of searching out and editing the medieval hymns. Twenty years ago the editors of the *Thesauris Hymnologicis hactenus editis Supplementum Amplissimum* wrote as follows of the ungleaned grain of that wide harvesting: "Nous entreprenons aujourd'hui la publication intégrale de toutes les pièces liturgiques du Moyen Age. Nous l'entreprenons en nous rendant compte des difficultés qu'elle présente, et qui sont immenses. Ceux-la seuls peuvent en douter qui n'ont étudié que superficiellement la question, et qui s'imaginent qu'après le *Thesaurus Hymnologicus* de Daniel et les *Lateinische Hymnen* de Mone, il ne reste plus qu'à glaner. Nous avons dans nos cartons plusieurs milliers de Proses, d'Hymnes, de pièces liturgiques inédites, collationnées sur les manuscrits et les incunables de toutes les bibliothèques de l'Europe. Et malgré cela nous ne nous dissimulons pas que nos collections sont bien incomplètes." Since 1886 the editors of the *Analecta Hymnica* have produced more than fifty volumes of medieval hymns, and are still engaged in editing and commenting on them,

to the Lamb, and who will not admit that her life is the very commonplace of miracle. And yet, hers indeed is the heirloom of the *mirabilia opera Domini*; for she possesses the indwelling of the Holy Ghost and, in the spirit of a perpetual Pentecost, can still speak, in divers tongues, the wonderful works of the Lord. She is the heir, not alone of the centuries, but of the eternal counsels of God; and there is not an upward yearning of the human heart, there is not an outpouring of the Divine goodness to satisfy that yearning, which she may not justly consider her own. With Timotheus of old, she can raise a mortal to the skies; and with Cecilia, she can draw an angel down. Since, then, her conversation is in Heaven, and her songs are all sublime, which one of these shall merit the special title of angelic? Let us answer:

Special theme of all our singing—
Living Bread, and Bread life-bringing!

The Bread of Angels is surely an angelic theme. But our title is something more than a play on words: it hints at the secret of that surpassing sweetness which, from their very nature, attaches to Eucharistic hymns above all others. It would seem hard indeed, be the minstrel ever so commonplace, to feel nothing of the divine fire of poesy in singing what is at once the last miracle of God's love, and the fullest expression of it. What then if an angel sing the song? What wonder if the Angel of the Schools, in whom divine love was an overmastering passion, and in whom faith seemed almost to quicken into sight, should have chosen but one theme for all his singing, and should have breathed into his

song something of an angel's intuition and an angel's love?

The hymns of St. Thomas certainly occupy a peculiar position in hymnology. He is naturally associated in our minds with the subtleties of scholastic analysis; of him it has been said that *tot fecit miracula quot scripsit articulos*; his life is luminous with clear, deep, strong and constant thought; he, even in his age, is always the giant of the intellectual arena; he is for all time the magnificent expounder and defender of the doctrines of the Church. But the *Summa Theologica* and the *Contra Gentiles*, not to speak of his other works, scarcely point to the poet. Outside of his office of Corpus Christi, the poet is not visible, except in that high sense in which every fervent and ideal soul is poetic. And yet, turning aside from his daily tasks of hard and close reasoning, he sings, not at the suggestion of his own fancy, but at the command of his superiors, a song that has captivated all hearts, and which, in more senses than one, is angelic.² And still, while he is the gifted and facile poet, it is at no expense to the thoughtful and precise theologian. "He writes with the full panoply under his singing robes." Expounding in an intensely doctrinal fashion a dogma of faith which is to some a

² Well does Daniel say: "Unam canendi materiam sibi sumpsit Doctor Angelicus eandemque divinitatis atque excellentiae plenissimam, adeo angelicam, i. e. ab ipsis angelis celebratam et adoratam. Est venerabilis sacramenti laudator Thomas summus, quem non sine numinis afflatu cecinisse credas, nec mireris, sanctum poetam postquam hoc unum carminis thema spiritale et paene coeleste tam praeclare ne dicam unice absolverit, prorsus in posterum obticuisse. Peperit semel sed leonem." *Thes. Hymnol.*, II. p. 98.

stumbling block and to others foolishness, he nevertheless has succeeded in making the drapery of his thought a joy forever to all men. Their admiration for the poet has made non-Catholic hymnologists overlook, in various degrees of tolerance, their strong prejudice against the doctor. And so the hymnologist, Dr. Schaff, with some alterations and omissions, draws on him for *Christ in Song*. Of the Pange Lingua he says: "Although it savors strongly of transubstantiation (ver. 4) it could not be omitted in this collection." In a note on the 4th stanza he says: "The stanza must, of course, be taken with considerable allowance by the Protestant reader. I have taken some liberty, and inserted 'by faith' which is not in the original." He gives two stanzas of *Lauda Sion*, the rest being omitted "on account of its length." E. C. Benedict, however, finds room in his little book³ for both hymns. While it is very difficult to conceive the sixth stanza of *Lauda Sion* as applicable to anything but transubstantiation,⁴ Chancellor Benedict, who "was a judge in New York, equally respected for his attainments as a jurist and his character as a man and a Christian," says of the author of the *Lauda Sion*: "It is but just to say that he doubtless intended that his words should be understood according to the faith which the Roman Catholic Church now teaches; but it may also be said that the hymn might have been written by a Protestant, in the same words, without doing violence to the faith of the Protestant Church, although it does

³ *The Hymn of Hildebert*, etc.

⁴ March naturally says: "31. *Dogma*: transubstantiation.—57-62. Transubstantiation, as in 46-48."—*Latin Hymns*, p. 298.

not fully express that faith; and I have preferred to translate it in that sense." Duffield, or rather his Editor, the Rev. Prof. Thompson, gives the first four, and the last two stanzas of a version by Dr. A. R. Thompson, in which "only half the hymn is given, those verses being taken which deflect least from the general current of Christian thought about the sacrament."⁵ He says: "The sixth, seventh and eighth verses express the doctrine of transubstantiation so distinctly, that one must have gone as far as Dr. Pusey, who avowed that he held 'all Roman doctrine,' before using their words in any but a non-natural sense." Plainly, then, the universal esteem⁶ of Catholics for the hymn is not evoked merely by the sweetness of their love for the Sacrament of the Altar, or the clear precision of the Angel's doctrinal exposition—both of them rocks of scandal to some of our separated brethren—but as well for its poetic merits, its limpid flow, its gentle cadences, its accent of heavenly devotion, its epigrammatic thought, its crystallized beauty. If the *Summa* accentuates the latter part of the Angelic Doctor's title, the *Officium* emphasizes the former part, and renders superfluous, almost, the encomium of P. Labbe: "Thomas angelus erat, antequam esset Doctor Angelicus."

⁵ *Latin Hymn-Writers*, etc., p. 269.

⁶ A French critic voices that sentiment when he says: "Une des plus belles de ces proses est incontestablement le *Lauda Sion*, composition admirable, où un grand mérite littéraire s'allie avec une rare habileté à la précision rigoureuse de la doctrine catholique sur le divin mystère de l'Eucharistie, et dont la mélodie est d'une souplesse et d'une verve incomparables."—Migne: *Encyc. Théol.*, art. Musique.

We have seen two senses in which the *Lauda Sion* may be considered an angelic theme—it is the Bread of Angels sung by an Angel. By a strange coincidence the melody to which these words are wedded, is written in the Seventh Gregorian mode, known as the “Angelic” mode. But call the mode what we will—mixolydian, or angelic—certainly the melody of this song is a masterpiece of musical art, bold, hopeful, sonorous, majestic, fitted to give a name to any mode, rather than to borrow one.⁷ Words and music are both “angelic.”

The *Lauda Sion* is the sequence composed by St. Thomas Aquinas for the Mass of the Feast of Corpus Christi. For the Divine Office of the same feast he composed the *Pange Lingua* (already referred to), the *Sacris Solemnis* and, with disputed probability, the *Verbum Supernum*. He may also have written the hymn *Adoro Te* for private devotion. Separate comment will be made of each of these under their several titles.

Lauda Sion.

The great Sequence of the Mass on the Feast of Corpus Christi was composed by St. Thomas Aquinas about the year 1264. Present-day hymnologists agree that he found his model in the beautiful rhythms of the “*Laudes crucis attollamus*” of Adam of St. Victor, who died in the closing decades of the twelfth century. This poem would indeed furnish St. Thomas with both his

⁷ One element in the excellence of this chant is that it ranges, like some protracted sequences, through two modes, the mixolydian and the hypomixolydian, and puts on the varying beauties of either.

rhythm and his initial thought of praise—the “Lauda” of one sequence corresponding with the “Laudes” of the other. The older sequence, “perhaps the masterpiece of Adam of St. Victor”, as Neale styles it, begins:

Laudes crucis attollamus
 Nos, qui crucis exsultamus
 Speciali gloria:
 Nam in cruce triumphamus,
 Hostem ferum superamus
 Vitali victoria.

An equally striking rhythmic correspondence, as well in the typic as in the variant stanzas, is found between the *Lauda Sion* and another famous sequence of Adam, beginning:

Zyma vetus expurgetur,
 Ut sincere celebretur
 Nova resurrectio.
 Haec est dies nostrae spei,
 Hujus mira vis diei
 Legis testimonio.

This sequence (“admodum divina”, thinks Clichtoveus) is, in addition, more closely related to the theme of the *Lauda Sion*, for it furnishes in its last stanza the very thought of St. Thomas’s:

Jesu victor, Jesu vita,
 Jesu, vitae via trita,
 Cujus morte mors sopita,
 Ad paschalem nos invita
 Mensam cum fiducia.
 Vive panis, vivax unda,
 Vere vitis et fecunda,
 Tu nos pasce, tu nos munda,
 Ut a morte nos secunda
 Tua salvet gratia.

Probably the first translation into English of the Lauda Sion was that of the English martyr, the Ven. Robert Southwell, of the Society of Jesus. While acting as chaplain and confessor of the Countess of Arundel (1590-1592) he composed the volume of poetry which has given him an honorable place in English literature, and rendered into English verse "Saint Thomas of Aquines Hyme Read on Corpus Christy Daye". Doubtless because of his desire to be as faithful to the original text as possible, the version would never suggest, in its irregular and questionable rhymes and in its sometimes halting rhythm, the elegant versification observable in his other poems. It is nevertheless a dignified rendering; and the holy memory of the martyr, no less than its prominence as the first attempt in English to translate the great Sequence, makes its inclusion here desirable:

Praise, O Sion! praise thy Saviour,
Praise thy Captain and thy Pastor,
With hymns and solemn harmony.
What power affords perform in deed;
His worths all praises far exceed,
No praise can reach His dignity.

A special theme of praise is read,
A living and life-giving bread,
Is on this day exhibited;
Which in the supper of our Lord,
To twelve disciples at His board
None doubts was delivered.

Let our praise be loud and free,
Full of joy and decent glee,
With minds' and voices' melody;
For now solemnize we that day,
Which doth with joy to us display
The prince of this mystery.

At this board of our new ruler,
Of new law, new paschal order
The ancient rite abolisheth;
Old decrees be new annullèd,
Shadows are in truths fulfillèd,
Day former darkness finisheth.

That at supper Christ performèd,
To be done He straitly chargèd
For His eternal memory.
Guided by His sacred orders,
Bread and wine upon our altars
To saving host we sanctify.

Christians are by faith assurèd
That to flesh the bread is changèd,
The wine to blood most precious:
That no wit nor sense conceiveth,
Firm and grounded faith believeth,
In strange effects not curious.

Under kinds two in appearance,
Two in show but one in substance,
Lie things beyond comparison;
Flesh is meat, blood drink most heavenly,
Yet is Christ in each kind wholly,
Most free from all division.

None that eateth Him doth chew Him,
None that takes Him doth divide Him,
Received He whole persevereth.
Be there one or thousands hosted,
One as much as all receivèd
He by no eating perisheth.

Both the good and bad receive Him,
But effects are diverse in them,
True life or true destruction.
Life to the good, death to the wicked,
Mark how both alike receivèd
With far unlike conclusion.

When the priest the host divideth,
 Know that in each part abideth
 All that the whole host covered.
 Form of bread, not Christ is broken,
 Not of Christ, but of His token,
 Is state or stature altered.

Angels' bread made pilgrims' feeding
 Truly bread for children's eating,
 To dogs not to be offered.
 Signed by Isaac on the altar,
 By the lamb and paschal supper,
 And in the manna figured.

Jesu, food and feeder of us,
 Here with mercy feed and friend us,
 Then grant in heaven felicity!
 Lord of all, whom here Thou feedest,
 Fellows, heirs, guests with Thy dearest,
 Make us in heavenly company!—Amen.

Where, as in the *Lauda Sion*, the rhythm of the Latin is a most prominent feature of the composition, that rhythm should, so far as may be possible to patience and carefulness, be retained in the English version. It is of course very difficult to preserve fidelity to the thought of the original and to provide at the same time a constantly recurring series of feminine rhymes. In general, Catholic translators have sacrificed the original rhythm in the interest of fidelity to the thought. Thus F. C. Husenbeth, in his *Missal for the Laity* (1840) writes twenty-four stanzas of unequal length ("Break forth, O Sion, thy sweet Saviour sing"). Canon Oakeley (1850), whose version is given in the *Baltimore Manual of Prayers*, uses feminine rhyming in only one stanza, and in only the first half of that stanza:

Full be thy praise and sweetly sounding,
 With joy and reverence abounding,
 The soul's glad festival.
 This is the day of glorious state,
 When of that feast we celebrate
 The high original.

He also, in the last stanza, varies the rhythm by including trochaic lines, short and rhymed:

O Thou good Shepherd, Very Bread,
 Jesu, on us Thy mercy shed;
 Sweetly feed us,
 Gently lead us,
 Till of Thy fulness us Thou give
 Safe in the land of those that live.
 Thou who can'st all and all dost know,
 Thou who dost feed us here below,
 Grant us to share
 Thy banquet there,
 Co-heirs and partners of Thy love
 With the blest citizens above.—Amen.

Father Caswall was a very felicitous translator of the Latin hymns, but his version of the *Lauda Sion*, although carefully revised by him, still retains changes of rhythm and impermissible rhymes. He rhymes "maintaineth" with "changeth", "twain" with "remains", and gives, as triple rhymes, "alone", "form", and "one". In the first edition (1849) of his *Lyra Catholica* the second stanza appears:

See to-day before us laid
 The living and life-giving bread!
 Theme for praise and joy profound:
 The same which at the sacred board
 Was, by our Incarnate Lord,
 Given to his Apostles round.

In the edition of 1884, the stanza appears quite changed for the better, in respect both of fidelity and of rhymic and rhythmic values:

Special theme of praise is thine,
The true living Bread divine,
That life-giving Flesh adored,
Which the brethren twelve received,
As most faithfully believed,
At the Supper of the Lord.

There are several other emendations, which need not be noted here. But both editions have the unrhymic third stanza:

Let the chant be loud and high;
Sweet and tranquil be the joy
Felt to-day in every breast;
On this Festival divine
Which recounts the origin
Of the glorious Eucharist.

From this metre he sometimes departs, as in stanza 6:

Hear what Holy Church maintaineth,
That the bread its substance changeth
Into Flesh, the wine to Blood, etc.

Archbishop Bagshawe frankly disregards rhyme, save in the closing lines, in his *Breviary Hymns and Missal Sequences* (1900):

Special object of our praises,
Bread both living and life-giving,
Offered us to-day we see;
That this to the Twelve was given,
At the holy Supper table,
We can never doubtful be.

Judge Donahoe (*Early Christian Hymns, First Series*, 1908) is careful of the rhyme and rhythm throughout:

Sing aloud, O Sion, praising
 Christ, thy Royal Shepherd, raising
 Hymns of love and songs of joy;
 Let the music sound forever,
 Never ceasing, tiring never,
 All thy powers of praise employ.

Finally, the *Missal for the Use of the Laity* (London, 1903), uses throughout, even in those stanzas where the number of lines increases, the simple but effective rhythm:

O Sion! let the Saviour's praise
 Be thy beloved employ:
 Thy King's and Pastor's glory raise
 In hymns and songs of joy.

(*Bone Pastor*)

O thou good Shepherd! living bread,
 O Jesus, show us grace,
 Defend us from the foes we dread,
 Grant us to see thy face.

These illustrations do not exhaust the list of translations. In general it may be said that Catholic translators have sought fidelity first of all, while non-Catholics have been willing to depart from this requisite, partly for doctrinal, partly for poetical reasons.

Pange Lingua.

In the sixth century Venantius Fortunatus wrote the splendid hymn of the Triumph of the Cross, the memorable "Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis". In

the thirteenth century, St. Thomas, looking for a model for his Vesper hymn of Corpus Christi, evidently be-thought him of the great Passiontide hymn of Fortunatus. This latter was written in the long trochaic measure (tetrameter catalectic) in classical quantity and unrhymed:

Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis,
Et super crucis tropaeo dic triumphum nobilem,
Qualiter Redemptor orbis immolatus vicerit.

St. Thomas discarded the classical quantity, broke each of the lines in two, and gave alternating rhymes, with the magically beautiful effect found in his Vesper hymn. It is worthy of note that when the hymns of the Breviary were to be revised in the interest of classical quantity, Urban VIII decided that the hymns of St. Thomas should not be touched; and, indeed, no amount of classical correctness could ever supply the attractive beauty and unction and musical harmony of these Eucharistic poems.

The two last stanzas ("Tantum ergo Sacramentum," and "Genitori Genitoque") are obligatory for the service of Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. The words *Genitori Genitoque—Procedenti ab utroque—Compar* are borrowed from a sequence for Pentecost by Adam of St. Victor.

In the first stanza, St. Thomas follows the inspiration, as well as the metre, of Fortunatus. The latter bids us consider the manner in which the Redeemer of the world conquered by His death on the cross; and St. Thomas has the same picture in mind when he recalls the Precious

Blood of Christ, the fruit of a noble womb, shed for us
on the Cross and now become our spiritual drink :

Fortunatus.

Pange lingua gloriosi
Proelium certaminis,
Et super crucis tropaeo
Dic triumphum nobilem,
Qualiter Redemptor orbis
Immolatus vicerit.

Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's battle,
Sing the crowning laurel wreath,
And the Cross, the trophy-symbol,
Sing it with triumphant breath:
How the world's Redeemer conquered
In the awful arms of Death.

The metre and inspiration found followers in many
hymns of the middle ages. The Precious Blood is
again represented before our eyes in the following hymn
in honor of the Holy Lance :

Pange lingua gloriosae
Lanceae praeconium,
Quae reclusit pretiosae
Cataractae fluvium,
Passo Christo dolorose
Pro salute gentium.

In the fifth line, *generosi* does not mean "generous",
as the usually careful and felicitous translator, the rever-
end Dr. John Mason Neale (an Anglican hymnologist
who devoted much study and learning to our medieval
hymns) translates, but "noble". The second stanza
contains another allusion to Our Lady; and the Balti-
more *Manual of Prayers* simply translates: "In a Virgin's

womb once dwelling", and omits the double reference to the Blessed Virgin, which is somewhat tautological. We have reversed the order; and, omitting the allusion to her in the first stanza, have preserved it in the second; thus, perhaps, allowing the theme to stand out more simply and uniquely in the first strophe.

In the second stanza Neale has:

Given for us, for us descending
Of a Virgin to proceed,
Man with man in converse blending,
Scattered He the Gospel seed.

The poverty (or in one sense, "richness") of rhyme in *seed* and *proceed* has scarcely any apology in a compensating felicity of expression, namely, to *proceed* of a Virgin. The stanza presents us with the picture of our Saviour seated with His disciples at the Last Supper and, having fulfilled all the requirements of the Ancient Rite, bringing in the Newer Rite of His Sacrament: *Se dat suis manibus*. He gives Himself *Turbæ duodenæ*—to the Twelve. In the *Lauda Sion* we have the same picture: *Turbæ fratrum duodenæ*; and in the hymn for Lauds ("Verbum supernum prodiens"): *Se tradidit discipulis*. Indeed, the striking similarities of thought and expression are very frequent in the hymns of this Feast—the same burden of thought being reflected with equal clearness and fidelity by whatever mirror of metre St. Thomas might select.

Dr. Neale has given us a very good critique on the translations of the fourth stanza, which he calls "the great *crux* of the translator." Thinking that his analysis of the original, which develops its beauty and its theo-

logy with enough of subtlety and acuteness to interest even the scholastic mind, might be welcome to the reader, we give the entire passage:

The great *crux* of the translator is the fourth verse. I give all the translations. 1. "God the WORD by one word maketh Very Bread His Flesh to be, And whoso that cup partaketh, Tastes the Fount of Calvary: While the carnal mind forsaketh, Faith receives the mystery." Here the *incarnation* of the Word, so necessary to the antithesis, is omitted: and so exact a writer as St. Thomas would never have used the expression *by ONE word*. 2. "At the Incarnate Word's high bidding, Very Bread to Flesh doth turn: Wine becometh Christ's Blood-shedding: And, if sense cannot discern, Guileless spirits, never dreading, May from Faith sufficient learn." Here the antithesis is utterly lost, by the substitution of *Incarnate* for *made flesh* and *bidding* for *word*, to say nothing of *Blood-shedding* for *Blood*. 3. "Word made Flesh! The Bread of nature, Thou by word to Flesh dost turn: Wine, to Blood of our Creator: If no sense the work discern, Yet the true heart proves no traitor: Faith unaided all shall learn." Here the antithesis is preserved, though at the expense of the vocative case. And surely St. Thomas, in an exact, dogmatical poem, would not have spoken of the blood of our *Creator*. Mr. Caswall, following up the hint given by the last version, and substituting the apposite pronoun for the vocative, has given, as from his freedom of rhyme might be expected, the best version: "Word made Flesh, the Bread of Nature By a Word, to Flesh He turns: Wine into His Blood He changes: What though sense no change discerns, Only be the heart in earnest, Faith her lesson quickly learns." In both these last translations, however, the *panem verum* of St. Thomas is not given; and Mr. Caswall brings in the more than unnecessary article—By a word.¹

Since the first edition of my book, *Hymns Ancient and Modern* have produced a translation put together from former ones, but nearer my own version than to any other. Their fourth verse is their weakest:—

¹ Dr. Neale appears to be in error here. Caswall translates "By His word."

Word made Flesh, True Bread He maketh
 By His word His Flesh to be:
 Wine His blood; which *whoso taketh*
Must from carnal thoughts be free:
 Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
 Shows true hearts the Mystery.

It is needless to observe that, the italicized line and a half is not in the original. *Forsaketh*, too, is scarcely English.²

The reader may pardon this long extract because of the many lessons it teaches the translator of the Latin hymns. It shows, first, the critical and patient industry that will exhaust every expedient in order to preserve intact the essential meanings of this hymn, the pointedness of its several antitheses, the melody of its versification, and its rhymic beauty. The more important lesson is, however, the lesson of triumph over the inherent difficulties so critically pointed out by Dr. Neale. Patience will surely be rewarded by an ever-increasing excellence in the translation. The lesson receives even greater accentuation by comparing the later versions with those found in early hymn- and prayer-books and retained sometimes in the present-day reprints. Thus, careful as Neale was, the Marquess of Bute, who included Neale's version in his *Roman Breviary*, nevertheless properly corrected "generous" into "noble" (fifth line of the first stanza), and in a footnote indicated another emendation.

In the fifth stanza, the lines

Praestet fides supplementum
 Sensuum defectui

were, says Dr. Neale, avoided by all of the four trans-

² *Medieval Hymns*, 3d edition, p. 180 seq.

lations upon which he built his own. Thus two of the translations run as follows:

Faith, the senses dark refining
Mysteries to comprehend—

and

Faith, thine earnest adoration
Passing eye and touch, present.

He notes that Father Caswall's version, as it is "unshackled by rhyme, is nearest":

Faith for all defects supplying,
Where the feeble senses fail."

His own translation is:

Faith, our outward sense amending,
Maketh good defects before.

The phrasal ellipsis in "defects before" is, it is needless to say, not felicitous. But the lines, so flowing in the original Latin, prove refractory in translation.

The last stanza is not the easiest of the six. Neale's rendering (which is, with slight occasional inversions, that of the Baltimore *Manual of Prayers*) is:

Honor loud, and praise addressing
To the Father and the Son,
Might ascribe we, virtue, blessing,
And eternal benison:
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal laud to Thee is done! Amen.

With the exception of the rhymes "Son" and "benison", it is a good version.

Illustrations of various Catholic translations may be given here (in the order of the stanzas of the Latin). The first four are from *Primers*, or devotional books for the laity in England:

Primer, 1604.

Of Christ, his body glorious,
Sing my tongue the mystery;
And also of his precious blood,
Which the world's price to be,
The king of nations did shed forth,
Fruit of noble womb was he.

Primer, 1619.

He given for us, born for our sakes,
A pure Maid for his Mother chose;
He in the world his dwelling makes,
And here his seed of doctrine sows;
His stay, when he the earth forsakes,
He doth with wondrous order close.

Primer, 1695.

He, on the final supper night
Among his brethren taking seat,
And well observing the ancient rite,
Touching the law's prescribed meat,
Gave to the twelve, his chosen band,
Himself for food, with his proper hand.

Primer, 1706.

The Word made flesh, for love of man,
With words of bread made flesh again;
Turned wine to blood unseen by sense,
By virtue of omnipotence;
And here the faithful rest secure,
Whilst God can vouch and faith ensure.

R. Campbell (1814-68).

Then before his altar bending,
 Let our hearts the Lord revere;
 Faith her aid to vision lending,
 Tells that he unseen is near;
 Ancient types and shadows ending,
 Christ our paschal Lamb is here.

D. J. Donahoe, 1908.

To the Father's glory leading,
 Sound the holy jubilee;
 To the Son, our sorrows heeding,
 Sing the love that made us free,
 To the Lord from both proceeding
 Let the selfsame praises be.

In the long note (quoted from Dr. Neale) on the 4th stanza, other illustrations are given (No. 2, by the convert, the Rev. A. D. Wackerbarth, is misquoted in the second line, which should be : "Bread to very Flesh doth turn," instead of—as Neale gives it—"Very Bread to Flesh doth turn"). There are still other Catholic translations (e. g., those of Oxenham, Aylward, Bagshawe), but doubtless enough illustration has already been furnished of the attempts to render into English verse the triumphant harmony of the Latin.

Sacris Solemnis.

In the hymn for Matins of Corpus Christi Day, St. Thomas has imitated the rhythmic swing of the hymn for martyrs—*Sanctorum meritis*:

Sanctorum meritis inclyta gaudia
 Pangamus socii gestaque fortia,
 Gliscens fert animus promere cantibus
 Victorum genus optimum.

The stanza comprises three Asclepiadic and one Glyconic verse. In Horace, it seems to be meditative in quality, whereas, in its Breviary use (e. g., "Te Joseph celebrent agmina coelitum," "Festivis resonent compita vocibus") it suggests joy and triumph. This quality of joy is professedly that of the Eucharistic hymn ("juncta sint gaudia"); but St. Thomas, as usual, rejects the classical requirement of quantitative measure in favor of the syllabic and accentual measure and, by way of reparation, simply fills his stanza with overflowing rhyme. Throughout the long poem, he divides the Asclepiadic verse into two exactly equal syllabic halves and rhymes these among themselves and, by a curious felicity of plan, with the last, or Glyconic, verse. This may be well illustrated by the 4th stanza. Printed in Horatian form, it would appear:

Dedit fragilibus corporis ferculum,
 Dedit et tristibus sanguinis poculum,
 Dicens: Accipite quod trado vasculum,
 Omnes ex eo bibite.

Breaking the stanza up into seven-lined form, we perceive the curiously interwoven and exuberant rhymic scheme:

Dedit fragilibus
 Corporis ferculum,
 Dedit et tristibus
 Sanguinis poculum,
 Dicens: Accipite
 Quod trado vasculum,
 Omnes ex eo bibite.

The 2nd, 4th, 6th lines rhyme; the 1st rhymes with the 3rd, and the 5th rhymes with the 7th.

It is not easy to imitate the scheme of rhyme and rhythm in English verse. Father Caswall adopts a wholly different form:

Let old things pass away;
Let all be fresh and bright;
And welcome we with hearts renewed
This feast of new delight.

This represents a revision of his original draft (*Lyra Catholica* of 1848):

Let us with hearts renewed,
Our grateful homage pay;
And welcome with triumphant songs
This ever-blessed day.

Prior Aylward catches a different swing in the original Latin rhythm:

Welcome with jubilee
This glad solemnity
From the full heart singing clear and high;
Let the old types of grace
To the new things give place,
New hearts, new works and new songs of joy.

Archbishop Bagshawe adopts a four-line stanza, but also echoes a similar interpretation of the rhythmic flow of the original:

Glad hearts to this glorious Feast let us bring,
Its praise let us hasten exulting to sing.
Let old things be gone, and let new ones ensue,
Let voices and actions and hearts be made new.

Judge Donahoe adopts iambic measure:

Let joy abound with us on every side,
The sacred feast proclaiming far and wide;
Come, let our souls, renewed in love, arise,
In thought, word, action, purged and purified.

There are more than a dozen translations into English verse.

The stanza "Panis Angelicus" is often used as a separate motet. An interesting legend concerning this stanza is recalled by the Abbé Pimont in his work on the hymns of the Roman Breviary (III. 187): "Pope Urban IV desired that the two finest spirits of the age, the angelic Thomas and the seraphic Bonaventure, should collaborate in the composition of the Office of Corpus Christi. They appeared together, on a stated day, to submit their work to the illustrious Pontiff. In the reading of the hymn for Matins, they soon came to that ravishing strophe, 'Panis angelicus' etc. Tears dimmed the eyes of Friar Bonaventure, while under his habit was heard the crumpling of a parchment whose fragments presently fell to the floor. The humble Franciscan, recognizing the inferiority of his own composition, had just torn in pieces the pages he had written, making avowal that he was vanquished. If the legend is not authentic, it certainly is not improbable, and does too much honor to both saints to permit of its being passed over in silence."

Verbum Supernum Prodiens.

Like the great Sequence and the other two hymns of Corpus Christi, the hymn for Lauds (" Verbum supernum prodiens ") borrows its rhythm from an older source, and very appropriately makes that source the hymn for Matins of Advent and of the Feast of the Expectation of Our Lady:

Verbum supernum prodiens
A Patre olim exiens,
Qui natus orbi subvenis
Cursu declivi temporis.

There was here no quantitative measure to depart from, but the scheme of rhyming in couplets was changed into alternate rhyme:

Verbum supernum prodiens
Nec Patris linquens dexteram,
Ad opus suum exiens
Venit ad vitae vesperam.

" St. Thomas very aptly made his hymn similar to the well-known one on the Nativity of the Lord; and, indeed, no full explanation is needed to show that the festival of the Holy Eucharist has a certain affinity to that of the Nativity. The Church clearly insinuates the same thought, since in the solemnity of Corpus Christi and throughout the octave, the Preface of the Nativity is sung." Thus Daniel,¹ who attributes the hymn to St. Thomas.

¹ *Thesaurus*, I. p. 254.

The learned Benedictine, Dom Morin, however, compares ² the Office composed by the saint with that of the older Cistercian breviaries (1484-1674), and arrives at the conclusion that the saint probably borrowed from the Cistercian Office the hymn for Lauds, while at the same time he so amended and shortened it, as to present the hymn as it is now found in the Roman Breviary. In the Cistercian breviary the hymn stood as follows:

(*Matins*)

1. Verbum supernum prodiens, etc.
2. Venit ad aegros medicus,
Dans salutis remedia;
Venit doctor salvificus,
Alta docens mysteria.
3. In mortem a discipulo, etc.
4. Quibus sub bina specie, etc.
5. Uni trinoque Domino, etc.

(*Lauds*)

1. In divinis operibus
Nulla res sic mirabilis:
Nam nos cibatur iste cibus
Manens indivisibilis.
2. Sumunt omnes et singuli,
Semperque tota sumitur
Veritas hujus pabuli,
Quod sumptum non consumitur.

² *Revue Bénédictine*, April, 1910.

3. *Jesus nascens se socium,
Convalescens in edulium,
Pendens dedit in pretium,
Se regnans dat in praemium.*

4. *O salutaris hostia, etc.*

5. *Uni trinoque Domino, etc.*

The hymn was therefore divided, in the Cistercian Office, into two. Which is the original, which is the amended, form? Is the Cistercian elaborated from the present hymn, or the present hymn condensed from the Cistercian? The latter of these possibilities is the more probable. Dom Morin points out: (1) that the Cistercian hymns were sung to the melody of the Advent hymn whose first line they borrowed, whereas we now sing the Corpus Christi hymn to a different melody (that, namely, of the Ascensiontide hymn, "Aeterne Rex altissime"); and "it is very natural to suppose that this choice of the melody of the Advent hymn was the primitive one"; (2) that the Cistercians had abundant hymns, and could easily have supplied any new ones desired; or, since they borrowed the *Pange Lingua* and the *Sacris Solemnis*, why did they not take the *Verbum Supernum* also, without changing and enlarging it? (3) that the additional three stanzas are attached closely in meaning to the context, and do not look like interpolations; (4) that St. Thomas's selection represents, like any revision, a neater text—and especially is the revision of the stanza, "*Se nascens dedit socium*" preferable to the form, "*Jesus nascens se socium*"; (5) that the extra stanzas are inferior, it is true, to the rest, and yet may well have be-

longed to the original form of the hymn, whereas a man of taste, who should undertake to revise and condense the nine stanzas (rather too long for a single hymn) into six, would naturally leave out the inferior stanzas; (6) that several old collections of hymns which include the *Pange Lingua* and the *Sacris Solemniis*, nevertheless omit the *Verbum Supernum*—who shall divine a good reason for the omission? There is therefore a probability that the hymn as sung by the Cistercians down to the seventeenth century is older than the redaction commonly attributed to St. Thomas.

All these reasons of Dom Morin place the full ascription of the hymn to St. Thomas in a very doubtful light, to say the least. But to assume that the saint did not compose, but only revised, the hymn, is not to lessen his glory as the grand singer of the Eucharistic Supper; for, while the older hymn is strong and virile, nevertheless the revision is undoubtedly more elegant, terse, artistic; and it requires a man of taste to achieve such a result by the retouching of a great hymn.

The last two stanzas furnish a separate hymn much used at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament—the exquisite *O Salutaris Hostia*. Finally it may be noted as an interesting fact, that the translation of the *Verbum Supernum* given in the (Baltimore) *Manual of Prayers* is that of the Anglican hymnologist, the Rev. Dr. J. M. Neale.

Adoro Te Devote.

The recent Indulgence¹ granted to all the faithful for the devout recitation of this Hymn lifts into general prominence a fine example of the poetic art of the Angelic Doctor. The Rev. Dr. Neale, the great Anglican hymnologist and translator of the Latin hymns, prefixed to his translation of it an interesting note: "The following hymn of St. Thomas Aquinas to the Holy Eucharist was never in public use in the medieval Church; but it has been appended, as a private devotion, to most Missals. It is worthy of notice how the Angelic Doctor, as if afraid to employ any pomp of words on approaching so tremendous a Mystery, has used the very simplest expressions throughout."²

¹ According to a former Rescript of the S. Congr. Indulg. an Indulgence of 100 days was granted to priests who, after the celebration of Mass, recited the Eucharistic hymn, "Adoro te devote" (by St. Thomas Aquinas), found in the Roman Missal (In gratiarum actione post missam).

By a recent decree of the same Congregation this Indulgence is extended to all the faithful who recite the hymn after receiving Holy Communion.

The petition for the Indulgence was presented by the Dominican Prior of S. Maria Novella, of Florence, and was granted on the 15th of June, 1895, by the following Rescript. (See *Acta S. Sedis*, Fasc. III., Oct., 1895.)

Ex Audientia Sanctissimi.

SS. D. N. Leo Papa XIII. referente me infrascripto Secretario S. Indicis Congregationis, benigne annuit pro gratia in terminis concessionis pro Sacerdotibus.

F. MARCOLINUS CICOGNANI,

Proc. gen. Ord. Praed. S. Indicis Congr. a Secretis.

Praesens Rescriptum exhibitum fuit huic S. Congregationi Indulgentiis Sacrisque Reliquiis praepositae: die 17 Jun., 1895.

L. * S.

✠ ALEXANDER ARCHIEP. NICOP., *Secretarius.*

² *Medieval Hymns and Sequences*, 3d Ed., p. 176.

Another feature of its excellence will perhaps attract the attention of the student of St. Thomas's Eucharistic hymns. Its rhythm could not have been more happily constructed to suggest the sense of the utter humility with which the Mystery is to be approached. The simple iambic measure moving forward with slow steps into a complete hexameter in the first line, fills the rhythmic sense with a well-defined content, which, however, in all the succeeding verses, halts, as it were, with momentary fear ere another footfall echoes through the temple of the soul. It is as though resolution, clearly formed and expressed at first, grows suddenly timid at the thought of its own presumption, and would fain retrace its pathway. The selection of appropriate rhythms is one of the most delicate tests of a poetic instinct. That St. Thomas possessed such an instinct, no one who has once read his hymns can doubt. But if this further test of metres be applied, perhaps even a keener insight would be gained of a fine phase of that poetic power. Without entering here at any length into the question, it may be pointed out that the *Verbum Supernum* is written in the ordinary iambic tetrameter (not quantitative, of course, but accentual)—a metre well adapted to simple narrative; that the *Sacris Solemnis* (written apparently in imitation of the classical metres—the first three verses being Lesser Asclepiads, and the fourth verse being Glyconic), has a splendid swing to it that can suggest triumph and festivity even without a text to interpret; that the *Lauda Sion*, in the force and strength of its joyous trochaics and in its favorite medieval stanza-form of six verses, sustains well the burden of the thought—the stanza becoming especially significant, however, towards the close of the

hymn, where the singer, as if cramped within even ample bounds, must give his joyful thought still broader field for expansion, and must therefore lengthen his metric form by two additional lines in the stanza; that the Pange Lingua adopts the metre of those many medieval songs of triumph which had already stamped on that metre a characteristic feature—a feature first bestowed upon that form of stanza, we believe, by the great singer and true poet of the sixth century, St. Venantius Fortunatus, in his “Pange lingua gloriosi proelium certaminis.”

Like medieval Latin poetry in general, the Eucharistic hymns make up in rhyme or assonance what they lack in quantitative measure. The rhymes of this “Rhythmus Sancti Thomae” are, notwithstanding the objections urged against the employment of rhyme as puerile and especially unworthy of adoption in the treatment of sublime themes, a decided gain in beauty. Theories of versification and of its ornaments should be corrected always by the actual effects sought for, and sometimes notably attained, by such external beauties of poetry. Here the poetic ear must be the best judge. Certainly, in the hymns of the Angelic Doctor, as well as in most of our modern poetry, the rhymes could not well be omitted. In this Rhythmus they were unquestionably beautiful and satisfying to the musical sense.

It will be noticed that the Adoro Te Devote is divided into stanzas of four lines each. In some versions of the hymns, a prayer, somewhat in the nature of a refrain, is inserted between the stanzas. There are two versions of the refrain: *Ave Jesu adauge fidem omnium credentium* and *Bone Jesu pastor fidelium adauge fidem omnium in*

te sperantium. The Rev. Edward Caswall gave an English reading of the second one in his *Lyra Catholica*, as follows:

Jesu, eternal Shepherd! hear our cry;
Increase the faith of all whose souls on Thee rely.

The Rhythmus has been translated about twenty-five times into English. The translations of Caswall and Neale have been made with great regard to literalness. Caswall admits, however, three crudenesses in metre; Neale's version is melodious, but admits errors in the rhyming, such as *declared* as a rhyme with *Word*, and *God* with *blood*. The present writer has essayed a rendering which should seek to be as faithful as the limitations of rhyme and metre would permit, so that the translation might serve to gain the indulgence for those who should recite the hymn in English.

Summe Deus Clementiae.

This hymn and the following one ("Christus noster vere cibus") belong to the Office of Corpus Christi celebrated locally at Liège by order of its bishop, shortly before Urban IV commissioned St. Thomas to write an Office for the Universal Church. The second hymn was sung at Complin, while the first was distributed among the Little Hours, as it was a custom of the Church of Liège to vary the hymns at these divisions of the Divine Office. The disconnected and almost fragmentary thought, the halting rhythm, the somewhat casual rhyme, combine to make these two hymns a foil for the logical coherence, easy and natural rhythms, and exquisitely sustained rhyme of the hymns of St. Thomas.

Dom Morin is convinced that the only borrowing made by the Cistercians (1484-1674) from the primitive Liège office was this hymn for Complin ("Christus noster vere cibus"), which was changed in its first stanza to:

Christus lux indeficiens
Cibat nos carne dulciter,
Et potat nos reficiens
Suo sanguine pariter.

Clement Blume, S.J., thinks ¹ that all which can now be assigned to the monk John of Mont-Cornillon, who had been commissioned by the Bl. Juliana to make the first draft of the Office for the local Feast of Corpus Christi, are some hymns and proper antiphons preserved in the Antiphonary of St. Martin at Liège as a supplement to the Roman Office. Dom Morin considers that the compilers of the Cistercian Office made a remarkable work, far beyond the "chétives contributions" of Jean of Mont-Cornillon; and that if they would borrow nothing more than the hymn for Complin from the primitive Liège Office, for a much greater reason must we discard all notion that St. Thomas borrowed from John.

Ave Verum Corpus.

The hymn is probably a work of the fourteenth century. A Reichenau manuscript cited by Mone (No. 213) declares that the hymn was composed by "Innocentius Papa", and that it has three years of indulgence attached to it by "Pope Leo", but it is impossible from

¹ *Das Fronleichnams-Fest: seine ersten Urkunden und Offizien in Theologie und Glaube*, 1909, I, pp. 337-349.

these indications even to conjecture the authorship. One might at first suppose that the great Innocent III (d. 1216) was meant, as various other hymns (such as the *Stabat Mater*, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*) have been attributed to him. But there is no "Pope Leo" following him, who might have enriched the prayer with an indulgence (Leo IX died in 1054, Leo X ascended the throne of Peter in 1513). It is given as a private devotion at the elevation of the Host, in Horst's *Paradisus Animae*, printed at Cologne in 1614, and is much used at present as a motet after the Offertory at Mass, or as a hymn at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. It has received many exquisite musical settings, notable among them being those of Mozart and Gounod.

No translation into English, so far as I am aware, attempts to follow the full rhymic scheme of the original. Caswall's older version is found in the Baltimore *Manual of Prayers*. It has no double rhyme. Oxenham follows the rhythm of the Latin, but varies the rhyme. Donahoe has a longer form of stanza than the original. It is indeed very difficult to reproduce in English, as a translation, a stanza of eight lines with only one change of rhyme, while four of the lines end in dissyllabic rhyme. The original would, however, be imitated by the following attempt at such a translation:

Hail, True Body, glorifying
Mary's womb—a virgin-brood;
Truly suffering and dying
For mankind upon the Rood;
Whose pierced Side, no drop denying,
Flowed with Water and with Blood,
Ere death come with pain and sighing,
Come to us as Heavenly Food.

The companion hymn, "Ave sacer Christi sanguis", is also of the fourteenth century. Most of it is taken bodily from a longer hymn, "Ave caro Christi cara."

Oratio Metricæ Composita.

Mone gives (I. no. 221) the poem from a manuscript at Mainz, of the fifteenth century. It is written in classical hexameters, which are printed in the present volume in divided form, in order more clearly to show the scheme of internal and end-rhyme. The most notable illustration of this quaint and difficult device is furnished by the long poem of Bernard of Morlas (or Morlaix) *De contemptu mundi*. Bernard set himself a still more difficult task, of providing double internal rhymes and couplets of end-rhymes, as well as variations (none of them easy) of the rhymic scheme.

Thus he has, like the present poem, verses of the form:

Menti *sincerae* possunt haec verba placere;

others, in which the rhymes follow the order of the English version of the *Oratio metricæ composita*, e. g.:

Quae mea verba *monent* tu noli tradere *vento*,
Cordis in aure *sonent* et sic retinere *memento*;

and still others in that superabundant form which almost defies equivalent rendering in English:

Hora *novissima*, tempora *pessima* sunt, *vigilemus*!
Ecce *minaciter* imminet *Arbiter* ille *supremus*.

Sancti, Venite.

In his *Mediaeval Hymns and Sequences*, Neale translates the hymn in rhymed iambic pentameters, and remarks that, "Rugged and unpoetical as this hymn is, it has a certain pious simplicity about it which renders it well worthy of preservation." It is found in the Antiphonarium Benchorensis, or Antiphonary written in the last quarter of the seventh century at the monastery of Bangor, County Down, Ireland. In the Antiphonary the hymn is headed: "Ymnum Quando Communicaurent Sacerdotes". The Latin text (with the exception of the third stanza) and Neale's translation (improved) are given in *Hymns Ancient and Modern (Historical Edition, No. 269)*. The text as there given is printed in the form of Latin iambic hexameter rhythms, but in Guéranger's *Liturgical Year (Time After Pentecost, Vol. I)*, as also in Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus, Vol. I*, the rhythms are divided as in the present volume. This arrangement is perhaps better, as it illustrates the constant recurrence of the rhythmic caesura at the same place, and appears also to indicate that the hymn is not quite so "rugged" as Neale thinks. Daniel considers it conspicuous "nobili quadam simplicitate." A similar sober simplicity of diction and of thought should mark, of course, the translation.

Laudes Omnipotens Ferimus Tibi.

The hymn was written in the ninth century by Ratpert of St. Gall, in classical Latin elegiac couplets, which have been divided in the present volume into hemistichs, in

order to illustrate, first, the perfect metrical symmetry of the stanzas (in which the first, third and fourth lines are exactly the same from a metrical standpoint) and, secondly, the frequent rhymes occurring, like those of the Easter sequence, *Victimae Paschali*, in a somewhat haphazard way, yet plainly not without the knowledge, and doubtless the approval, of the composer. The perfect metrical symmetry seems to have escaped the notice of Daniel, who (*Thesaurus*, III, p. 293) prints the first line of the 3rd stanza ("Propitiare pius peccata"), of the 4th ("Angelus aetheriis sanctus") and of the 5th ("Haec medicina potens coeli") with a superfluous word which should have begun the second line in each instance, and in the first two instances hides the rhymic effect—*pius* and *benignus*, *aetheriis* and *astris*.

Another obvious and interesting feature of the hymn is its responsorial character. The refrain:

Laudes, Omnipotens,
Ferimus tibi, dona colentes
Corporis immensi
Sanguinis atque tui—

is placed at the head of the hymn, and is repeated in full, or in part, in alternate fashion after the stanzas of the hymn. It thus imitates exactly the Invitatory at Matins in the Divine Office, in which the refrain (e. g. "Regem Confessorum Dominum . . . Venite Adoremus") is repeated in whole or in part alternately after the verses of the Psalm (94), *Venite exsultemus* etc. The Latin text, with English prose version, is given in Guéranger's *Liturgical Year (Time After Pentecost*, Vol. I, pages 434-5).

Ad Regias Agni Dapes.

The hymn is Eucharistic in character, although assigned to the Eastertide offices (from Vespers of Low Sunday onward). It is a revision, in the interest of classical prosody, of an older hymn, whose first two stanzas will serve to illustrate the difficulties met by the "Correctors of the Breviary" under Pope Urban VIII:

Ad coenam Agni providi
Et stolis albis candidi,
Post transitum maris rubri
Christo canamus principi.

Cujus corpus sanctissimum
In ara crucis torridum,
Cruore ejus roseo
Gustando vivimus Deo.

The revision excludes rhyme, and alters at times both the thought and the figurative allusiveness of the older hymn—with what success is still a moot-point with hymnologists. The Rev. Dr. Thompson (a Presbyterian), the editor of Duffield's *Latin Hymn-Writers and Their Hymns*, has this to say: "Now it is impossible to deny to the revised version merits of its own. Not only does it use the Latin words which classic usage requires—as *dapes* in poetry for *coena*, *recepta* for *reddita*, *inferis* for *baratro*—but it brings into clearer view the facts of the Old Testament story which the hymn treats as typical of the Christian passover. The (imperfect) rhyme of the original is everywhere sacrificed to the demands of metre, which probably is no loss. But the gain is not in simplicity, vigor and freshness. In these the old hymn is much superior. The last verse but one, for instance,

(Cum surgit Christus tumulo,
Victor redit de baratro,
Tyranno trudens vinculo
Et reserans Paradisum.)

presents in the old hymn a distinct and living picture—the picture which Luther tells us he delighted in when a boy chorister singing the Easter songs of the Church. But in the recast the vividness is blurred, and classic reminiscence takes the place of the simple and direct speech the early Church made for itself out of the Latin tongue”.

While *dapes* may be more poetical than *coena*, it is less Scriptural; and *coena* is forever consecrated to the Supper of the Lord: “Homo quidem fecit coenam magnam” (Luc. xiv. 16); “Convenientibus vobis in unum, jam non est dominicam coenam manducare” (I Cor. xi. 20); “Beati qui ad coenam nuptiarum Agni vocati sunt” (Apoc. xix. 9). Obviously, the fine flavor of the allusion is dissipated in the frigid classicism of *dapes*. Abbé Pimont’s surprise and chagrin might well be echoed by all lovers of the old hymns: “Comment a-t-on pu se résigner à éliminer ce mot?” Again, the word *providi* is not found, nor is any equivalent expression given, in the revision; and the warning of St. Paul has ceased to ring in the verse of the hymn: “But let a man prove himself: and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of the chalice” (I Cor. xi. 28). Apropos, Dr. Neale had rendered the first line of the old hymn: “The Lamb’s high banquet we await”, but in most reproductions of his version the line is altered—“I suppose”, comments Neale, “from the editors either not seeing or not believing that the adjective (*providi*) applies to ourselves, not to the Lamb”.

A glance at the second line of the older hymn will show how the allusiveness of *albis* has also been lost:

Ad coenam Agni providi
Et stolis albis candidi.

The neophytes of the early Church were baptized on Holy Saturday, and wore their robes of white for one week, until *Dominica in albis depositis* or, as it is now shortly called, *Dominica in albis* (Low Sunday). The "Stolis amicti candidis" of the revision is not quite so suggestive of the ancient custom of the chrisom-robe, and might be taken metaphorically to represent merely the purity with which we should approach the Holy Table.

The sentiment of the antiquarian lover of the medieval hymns should not prevent him from recognizing the fact that a good change was wrought by the revisers in the figure of the second stanza:

Cujus corpus sanctissimum
In ara crucis torridum—

for although, according to tradition, the Israelites celebrated their Pasch by eating the roasted flesh of a lamb, the figure presented to our contemplation by the "corpus torridum" of Christ is an unpleasant one. And so Daniel, not friendly to the efforts of the revisers of Urban VIII, still agrees thoroughly with them in the change into

Almique membra corporis
Amor sacerdos immolat.

"Everybody will admit", he says, "how inept and provocative rather of disgust than of devotion", is the

figure of the "roasted body" of our Lord; and he thinks it wonderful that the Lutheran poets, and even Luther himself, should have perpetuated a figure that should only excite loathing. In the Catholic *Primer* of 1604, the translator avoids the figure contained in *torridum*, and renders the word by "in torture":

Whose corpse most holy did remain
In torture on the cross distrest.

This old English version is on the whole faithful, but not very careful to avoid crudenesses in metre and phrase. It contains an over-abundance of such metrical shifts as the auxiliary verbs did, doth, hath, which are too evidently introduced to eke out the metre or to provide a rhyme.

Ave Vivens Hostia.

The original Latin (found in the *Echo Hymnodie* of 1657) was sent to the translator by the Very Rev. E. Poirier, S.S.S., with a request that it be translated into English verse of equal rhythms, in order that it might be sung by choirboys and men. The English version, with musical setting for Soprano, I and II Tenor and Bass, appeared in *Emmanuel* for May, 1911, and also in separate form (with the Latin text furnished in column form).

Praise the Blessed Sacrament.

The French hymn was composed for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary (1882) of the foundation of the Institute of Perpetual Adoration. The

English translation, made at the request of a religieuse of the London house of the Order, was published in leaflet form, in England and in America, with the notice that "It is sent to all the parishes where the Association is established, that it may be sung after the recital of the Act of Reparation, to close the Hour of Adoration. It has become *the* hymn of the Association" (i. e. the Association of Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches). The English version was of course made in the exact rhythm of the original French in order to suit the melody:

REFRAIN.



Low in end - less wor - ship bent, Praise the



Bless - ed Sac - ra - ment! Low in end - less wor - ship



bent, Praise the Bless - ed Sac - ra - ment!

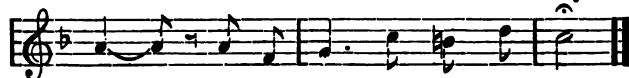
1st VERSE.



Won-drous love that can not fal - ter! Je - sus



in the Host doth dwell Day and night up - on the
D. C. Refrain.



al - tar Near to those He loves so well.

THE HYMNS OF THE OFFICE OF THE SACRED HEART.

It is very probable that these hymns do not antedate the eighteenth century. Abounding in direct and personal appeals to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, they utter again and again the "lyric cry" of the singer. Although of comparatively recent composition, their play of fancy and of imagination, their rhetorical finish, their condensed phraseology, give clear intimations of a skill which has profited by the models constructed by St. Ambrose. They abound, too, in Biblical allusion, every stanza recalling some type, or figure, or prophecy, or fulfilment.

The hymns "En ut superba criminum", "Cor, arca legem continens", "Auctor beate saeculi" belong to the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The other two hymns included here ("Quicumque certum quaeritis" and "Summi Parentis Filio") belong to an Office granted by special concession.

In the translations given in the present volume, an attempt is made to combine faithfulness with a greater degree of condensation of phrase and stanza than has been thought desirable in the versions which have come under the translator's eye. Each stanza of the original is "a little picture painted well", a cameo exquisitely finished; and our effort has been to make frame and setting harmonize with thought and phrase.

Ad Cor Jesu.

This, and the following, poem are given in the Appendix of the second volume of Daniel's *Thesaurus*, with-

out comment or indication of the source. Probably they belong to the 17th or 18th century; if so, the occasional looseness of the rhyme might suggest that they are modern hymns turned into a Latin which strives to preserve fidelity at the expense of rhyme. A line in the last stanza:

In petrae hoc foramine,

recalls Augustus Toplady's "Rock of Ages, cleft for me" (published in 1776), which was done into Latin verse by W. E. Gladstone (1848), in the style of medieval hymnody:

Lapis pro me perforatus,
Condar intra tuum latus, etc.

It is curious to find Toplady's hymn printed in the Catholic hymnal, *Lyra Catholica* (New York, 1851, p. 349), thus:

HYMN

Jesus pro me perforatus.

Rock of Ages, rent for me,
Let me hide myself in thee, etc.,

as though the hymn were a translation from the Latin. It is clear that the Catholic editor did not know that its author was an English Calvinist, and accordingly did not suspect any questionable doctrine in the lines:

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling—

a thought more clearly brought out in an altered version (1836):

Merit I have none to bring,
Only to thy Cross I cling.

Besides Gladstone's version, Toplady's hymn was Latinized by C. I. Black (1867), "Mihi fissa, Rupes diva"; by R. Bingham (1871), "O rupes aeterna, mihi percussa, recondar"; by H. M. Magill (1876), "Rupes aevum fissa quondam"; by G. S. Hodges (1876), "Saeculorum, pro me fissa"; by S. T. Rand (1889), "Rupes saeculorum, te".

The second hymn (Dignare me) is of interest principally because of its peculiar stanzaic form.

Poems of Pope Leo XIII on the Sacred Heart.

On the 15th of September, 1896, Leo XIII affectionately consecrated Julius Sterbini and his family to the august Heart of Jesus, and as a memorial of the event, presented them with a picture of the Divine Heart, and accompanied this with the two poems. It may prove of interest to give here, together with translation into English, what was probably the original draft of the first poem.

Iuli munus habe, Cor Iesu: manat abunde
Inde salutiferae vena perennis aquae.

Quem Iesu de Corde fluens lustraverit unda,
Abstergi labes sentiet ille suas.

Tu quoque iam propera ad fontem, hoc te merge lavacro;
Pulchrior evenies et nive candidior—

Mergeris: en subito detersus lucida coelo
Figere vividius lumina munda vales;

Quaerere nec coelum cessas; insana cupido
Si quando illecebris urgeat in vetitum,

Reiicis indignans : animum tenet una voluptas
Divinis mentem pascere deliciis.

Atque, imo quae corde latent, arcana recludens
Ad Iesum perhibes te magis usque trahi

Vi dulci et grata ; benefacta et dona recensens
Quae tibi munifica contulit Ipse manu—

Sic tua sit semper virtus, tua gloria Iesus !
Et tuus incenso pectore iugis amor :

Invictum robur dura in certamina vitae,
Fulgida lux signans tutum iter ad patriam !

Julius, as gift to thee, I send
The Saviour's heart, whence flow
Life-giving floods that have no end,
To heal our every woe.

Whoso doth wash in that dear tide
Still flowing from within
The Saviour's riven heart and side
Is cleansed from every sin.

O haste thee to that fountain clear ;
Accept that healing bath !
In whiter raiment thou'lt appear
Than e'en the snowflake hath !

Thou plungest in ; lo ! cleansed of sin,
Now can'st thou fix thine eyes
With steadier gaze than erst had been
Upon the expectant skies.

Thither no weary feet you drag, .
But fly with eager wings ;
Though passion lead, with giddy flag,
The way to evil things.

Things evil still, however bright,
Your heart doth now decline ;
For it can know but one delight—
To feed on joys divine !

Unsealing now thy deepest heart,
 Thou findest there, I know,
 Rather to seek "the better part"
 Thy Jesus doth bestow

With sweet compulsion. And thy mind
 Doth number as the sands
 His gifts to thee, freely assigned
 By His unsparing hands.

Thus may thy Jesus ever be
 Thy strength, thy glory blest;
 Thy love, that ceaseless as the sea,
 Beats in thy flaming breast:

A tower of strength that shall thy foes
 And all their darts withstand;
 A light that safe the pathway shows
 Unto the Fatherland!

Jesu Dulois Memoria.

It is perhaps impossible to render the melodic sweetness of St. Bernard's hymn more sweetly in English metre and English idiom than Caswall has done it. The *Doctor Mellifluus* found in the liquid Latin at his command a verbal and phrasal honey which he collected from many sources until the honeycomb fairly dripped with its weighted largess. And Caswall seems in his version to have done the same thing with almost equal success in the arid fields of English vocabulary. Doubtless he was justified by the example of St. Bernard himself, in seeking melody as the first of all desirable things in any hymn that should attempt to sing the ineffable sweetness of the name of JESUS. Having paid this tribute to the translator, we feel that we need hardly add the critical charge of unliteralness in the English

rendering. Indeed, Caswall disregards — and justly enough—the metre and the rhymic scheme of the original Latin, and is not slow to depart from the thought as well, when a change can bring more music into the translation. Let us instance in illustration the first stanza, than which nothing can be more felicitous, whether we consider the original or its translation:

Jesus dulcis memoria,
 Dans vera cordis gaudia;
 Sed super mel et omnia
 Ejus dulcis praesentia.

Jesu! the very thought of Thee
 With sweetness fills my breast;
 But sweeter far it is to see,
 And in Thy presence rest.

It will be observed that the rhymic scheme of the Latin verse (a scheme carried throughout the long poem) is the richest possible; while the translation falls into easier alternating rhymes. The metre, too, of the translation varies from that of the original, and gains in beauty thereby. But in the third line the thought itself of the original is quite changed—and similarly improved upon. "But sweeter far Thy face to see" is not a translation of "Sed super mel et omnia"—not a translation, but an improvement.

A request having been made for a new rendering of the hymn into English, we venture to offer one, not as a version superior or even equal to that of Caswall, but simply as a variant one. If it possess any merit, the merit will not be that of sweetness, but of fidelity to the metre, the rhymic scheme, and the thought of the original.

The three hymns of the Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus are pieced together out of unconnected stanzas of the longer hymn of St. Bernard. Thus, the hymn for Vespers consists of stanzas 1, 2, 3, 5; that for Matins, of stanzas 9, 11, 4, 14; that for Lauds, of stanzas 22, 20, 27, 35.

The rhymic device of St. Bernard's hymn forms an exquisite musical setting for the text. The burden of the text is the name of JESUS. As every stanza bears only this sweet burden of thought, so shall every stanza contain but one music of rhyme, which, like the pleasant, continuous jingling of a single bell, shall dominate all the phrasal harmony and assert the ecstasy of a single emotion. The English translation has attempted to imitate the Latin in this respect.

The translations of the three hymns were published, with the above prefatory remarks, in the *Ecclesiastical Review* (January, 1900). In a subsequent issue of the *Review* a correspondent questioned the ascription of the authorship to St. Bernard, because Guéranger, in his volume on *Le Temps de Noël* (II, 324) in the series of *L'Année Liturgique*, says that there are "incontestable manuscripts" to prove that these hymns are the work of a Benedictine abbess of the 14th century.

This question of the authorship of these well-known and well-loved hymns is perhaps of sufficient permanent interest to justify the reproduction, in this place, of the present writer's answer to the question of the correspondent of the *Review*:

Qm. In an article in the January REVIEW the three hymns of the Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus are attributed to St. Bernard. Dom Guéranger in his book *Le Temps de Noël*, tome II, pag. 324, says that there are "incontestable manuscripts" to prove that these hymns are the work of a Benedictine abbeſs of the fourteenth century. Is Dom Guéranger right?

Resp. In the English translation (Christmas, Vol. II) of Dom Guéranger's work, *Le Temps de Noël*, the passage in which the authorſhip of the "Jesu dulcis memoria" is denied to St. Bernard, reads: "The two hymns which follow" (he has juſt given the hymn for Vespers, "Jesu dulcis memoria," and is about to give that for Matins, "Jesus Rex admirabilis," and that for Lauds, "Jesu decus angelicum") "and which are uſed by the Church for the Matins and Lauds of the Feast, are by the ſame writer as the Hymn of Vespers, 'Jesu dulcis memoria.' They were for a long time attributed to St. Bernard, but manuſcripts have been found, which prove beyond a doubt, that they were composed by a Holy Abbeſs of the Order of St. Benedict, who lived in the fourteenth century."

Your correſpondent aſks: "Is Dom Guéranger right?" I anſwer that he is right in ſaying that the hymns "were for a long time attributed to St. Bernard," but that he ſeems to be in error in his aſcription of them to an abbeſs of the fourteenth century. The Bodleian Library contains a MS. which is confidently aſſerted to be of the twelfth century, and to be probably the original verſion. It has forty-two ſtanſas of four lines each. The Bodleian has alſo another MS. of the thirteenth century, beginning, like the former, with the line "Dulcis Jesu memoria." An Einsiedeln MS. (1288) printed by Morel

omits the thirty-ninth stanza. It is to be regretted that Dom Guéranger did not specify the MSS. on which he relied for his opinion, and that he did not mention their *locale*. However, as he declares that they indicate a fourteenth-century authorship, his contention falls in the presence of MSS. like those in the Bodleian.

It must be admitted, however, that, while these early MSS. make it possible to hold that St. Bernard composed the great hymn, they cannot assure us of that fact. And it may yet appear that the learned author of the *Année Liturgique* was correct in denying the ascription to St. Bernard. The argument *pro* is apt to rest upon the similarity of some of the stanzas of the hymn to authentic passages in St. Bernard's prose works. "Sancti Doctoris venam sapit," as Mabillon says. A beautiful illustration of this is found in the sixth lesson of the Feast (S. Bern. *Sermo 15 super Cant.*): "Jesus mel in ore, in aure melos, in corde jubilus." Compare this with the stanza of Lauds:

Jesu decus angelicum,
In aure dulce canticum,
In ore mel mirificum,
In corde nectar coelicum.

The same *Sermo* will furnish other illustration of similarity of thought, although not, I think, a similarity of phrase so striking as that just quoted. An argument founded on such a similarity is, nevertheless, open to some suspicion, as Daniel contends (*Thes. Hymnol.*, iv., p. 215). And Mone enumerates six hymns (in one MS.) attributed to the Saint without sufficient reason. Daniel admits the difficulty of ascribing definite authorship:

"Origo autem huius antiquissimi hymni S. Bernhardo tribuenda sit necne certo evinci haud potuerit." Schlosser (i. 431) quotes G. Fabricius: "Auctoris incerti;" Bonsi: "D'incerto autore;" Signoretti: "Quest'inno trovasi nelle opere di S. Bernardo, a cui per altro, per giudizio del P. Mabillone, non deve attribuirsi." Nevertheless, these opinions carry little weight to-day. It was certainly attractive to the older hymnologists to dispute learnedly the ascription of a hymn they could not trace back to MSS. of an earlier date than the fourteenth century. Dom Guéranger, who wrote before the first volume even of Daniel had appeared, found ample field for his contention. I do not happen to have access to the French original of the *Année Liturgique*; but it is clear from the *Preface* to the first volume of the same writer's *Institutions Liturgiques*, that he was then engaged on his after great work. That volume appeared in 1840, and in its *Preface* promised the first instalment of the *Année* in the autumn of the following year. The second volume of the *Institutions* (1841) contains an advertisement of the *Deuxième Division* of the *Année* as already issued. It was in this same year that the first volume of Daniel's epoch-making work came out, giving the "Jesu dulcis" in forty-eight stanzas, with many critical readings noted. In the fourth volume of his *Thesaurus*, published fourteen years later, he uses the splendid labors of Mone, whose three volumes had meanwhile appeared, to further illustrate and amend his treatment of the Hymn. Guéranger was, therefore, justified in his contention by his "incontestable manuscripts"—justified, that is to say, subjectively, however much subsequent finds should have rendered his view untenable.

Hymnologists of the present day, while they fail to prove that St. Bernard wrote the hymn, seem to be unanimous in ascribing it to him. They have reason for maintaining the older tradition, as the grounds on which it was assailed, or at least questioned, were found (by the discovery of very early MSS.) to have been so insecure. Thus Trench still asserts in his third edition (1874) the Bernardine authorship ascribed in the first (1849). He says: "This poem, among those of St. Bernard the most eminently characteristic, consists of nearly fifty quatrains, and, unabridged, would have been too long for insertion here; not to say that, with all the beauty of the stanzas in particular, as a whole it lies under the defect of a certain monotony and lack of progress. Where all was beautiful the task of selection was a hard one; but only so could the poem have found place in this volume; while, for the reasons just stated, there is gain as well as loss in presenting it in this briefer form" (p. 251). He prints a cento of fifteen stanzas. Schlosser (1863) ascribes it to the Saint. Schaff, in *Christ in Song* (1869), also ascribes it to St. Bernard: "Jubilus rhythmicus de nomine Jesu, the sweetest and most evangelical (as the *Dies Irae* is the grandest, and the *Stabat Mater* the most pathetic) hymn of the Middle Ages . . . by St. Bernard of Clairvaux (called *Doctor mellifluus* . . .)." So, too, March, in his *Latin Hymns* (1875); and Duffield, in *Latin Hymns* (1889), who, in a sketch of the Saint's life, says: "The Church universal has made Bernard her own; and the very translations of his verses are half-inspired. And while we sing—

Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast,

we shall sing ' with the spirit and with the understanding, the very strain that the Abbot of Clairvaux was sent on earth to teach!' Finally, the *Dictionary of Hymnology* (1892) says: " This hymn has been generally (and there seems little reason to doubt, correctly) ascribed to St. Bernard ; and there are many parallels to it in his genuine prose works, especially that on the Canticles. It has been variously dated 1130, 1140, or 1153 ; but as positive proof is lacking that it is unquestionably the work of St. Bernard it is manifestly impossible to fix a date for its composition."¹ In ascribing the great hymn to the great Saint, I have followed both an early and a late tradition.

The hymns have been translated many times into English, but I do not recall any version which preserves the rhymic scheme of the Latin. The Primer of 1685 begins its translation thus :

Jesu, the only thought of thee
Fills with delight my memory ;
But when thou dost thy presence show,
Heaven seems into my breast to flow.

The version of the Evening Office, 1725, is possibly by Dryden :

If Jesus called to mind imparts
Sweetness and joy to pious hearts,
When we behold him face to face
All earthly sweetness must be base.

¹ The 2nd edition (1907) of the *Dictionary* has not discovered, in the interim, any additional reason of sufficient weight to disturb its previous view that the traditional ascription is probably correct. Dom Pothier, however, has found the hymn in a MS. of the eleventh century, ascribed to a Benedictine abbess; and this would refute the ascription to St. Bernard (b. 1090, d. 1153).

Prior J. D. Aylward translates :

The memory sweet of Jesus' name
True joy brings to the breast;
But far above all honied sweets
Is his dear presence blest.

R. Campbell begins :

Thy sweet remembrance, Lord, imparts
Serenest joy to faithful hearts;
But far above all sweetest things,
The sweetness that thy presence brings.

A PRAYER AFTER MASS.

Some editions of the Missal and of the Breviary place the "Prayer of St. Augustine" among the devotions appropriate for the "thanksgiving" after Mass. In a certain parish of the Diocese of Philadelphia the practice of daily or frequent Communion has become so general that the pastor has organized a public "thanksgiving", with stated prayers (printed in leaflets for distribution) recited aloud for or by the whole congregation, and has included the "Prayer of St. Augustine". So far as the translator knows, it has not appeared in any other English form; and he therefore ventures to place it here:

PRAYER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

Before thine eyes, Lord, we carry our iniquities, and compare them with our punishments.

If we weigh the evil we have wrought, we find that we suffer less than we deserve.

Heavy is that which we have done: light is that which we suffer.

We feel the punishment of sin; and yet we continue to sin.

Our weakness is bruised by Thy scourges; yet is not our iniquity lessened.

The sick mind is tormented; but the proud neck does not bend.

Our life sighs forth its sorrow; but amends not its evil-doing.

If Thou hold back Thine hand, we fail to correct our faults; if Thou strike us, we do not bear it patiently.

Under Thy lash, we confess our wrong-doing; yet after the visitation, we forget the cause of our tears.

When Thou threatenest, we promise amendment; when thou holdest back the blow, we break the promise. Thou strikest, and we cry for mercy; Thou sparest, and again we provoke Thee to strike.

We confess our guilt, Lord; and we know that unless Thou absolve us, justly mayest Thou destroy us.

Grant, Almighty Father, that which we, without any deserving, ask of Thee; for Thou didst create out of nothing them who would thus supplicate Thy bounty. Through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

V.—Deal not Thou with us, O Lord, according to our sins.

R.—Nor reward us according to our iniquities.

Let us pray.

O God, who art offended by sin and appeased by repentance, look down graciously upon the supplications of Thy people praying to Thee, and turn away the scourges of Thy wrath, which for our sins we justly deserve, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE BLESSING OF VESTMENTS.

The prayers found in the Pontificale and the Rituale for the Blessing of the Priestly Vestments, Altar-Cloths, and Corporals, were translated into English at the request of the Tabernacle Society of Philadelphia, and appeared in the *Annals* of that Society with the following interesting and informing comment:

“The custom of blessing vestments has existed since the eighth century; that is, from that time prayers have been recited over these articles, which are thus set apart

from profane use that they may be entirely consecrated to Divine service.

"Creatures have been vitiated by the devil. St. Paul says that they groan and sigh for deliverance. They are purified by the Word of God and by prayer. That man may remember his noble origin, his dignity, the Church says: Thou art holy; see: I bless the fire, the water, the land; I bless thy food, the fields, the meadows, the vineyards, because thou dost come in contact with them; I bless even thy last dwelling.

"The blessing of the Church communicates its virtue to creatures and sanctifies souls. Therefore vestments are blessed—

"1. To counteract the wicked designs of the devil.

"2. To withdraw them from profane use.

"3. To give them the power to excite in us the sentiments with which the Church desires to inspire us.

"... The beauty and solemnity of the prayers (for vestments) cannot fail to increase the devotion of our Associates and readers."

These prayers have been included in this volume with the thought and hope that they may fulfill the expectation voiced in the closing paragraphs of the comment of the *Annals*.

BLESSING OF THE PRIESTLY VESTMENTS.

V. Our help is in the name of the Lord.

R. Who hath made heaven and earth.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

O Almighty and Everlasting God, Who hast decreed, through Moses Thy servant, that vestments should be made for the High

Priests and Priests and Levites unto the performance of their ministry in Thy sight and the honor and glory of Thy Name: incline favorably unto our petitions, and pouring from above Thy heavenly grace upon these priestly vestments, deign through us Thy lowly servant to purify ✠ and bless ✠ and consecrate ✠ them with a most plenteous blessing: that they may be blessed and made worthy for the divine rites and sacred mysteries: and may Thy Bishops and Priests and Levites, who shall be clothed therewith, merit protection and strength against all the attacks and temptations of evil spirits: and grant them to serve and remain in Thy sacred mysteries fittingly and worthily, and to persevere therein devout and pleasing to Thee. Through Christ our Lord. R. Amen.

Let us pray.

O God, the Conqueror of unconquered power, the Creator and Sanctifier of all things, incline unto our prayers, and deign with Thy own lips to bless, ✠ sanctify, ✠ and consecrate ✠ these vestments of the levitical, sacerdotal, and pontifical glory, for the use of Thy ministers, and deign to render pleasing to Thee all them who, made worthy of Thy mysteries, shall use them and serve Thee therein devoutly and commendably. Through Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the Unity of the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. R. Amen.

Let us pray.

* O Lord God Almighty, Who didst command Thy servant Moses to make for Thy High Priests, Priests and Levites, the vestments for the service of the tabernacle of the covenant, and didst fill him thereunto with the spirit of wisdom, deign to bless, ✠ sanctify, ✠ and consecrate ✠ these vestments for the service and splendor of Thy mysteries; and grant that the ministers of Thy Altar who shall wear them may be worthily filled with the grace of the sevenfold Spirit, and clothed with the robe of chastity together with the fruit of the good works of their worthy ministry—a blessed immortality. Through Christ our Lord.

R. Amen.

[Then he sprinkles the vestments with holy water.]

* In the Rituale, but not in the Pontificale.

BENEDICTIO MAPPARUM SIVE LINTEAMINUM ALTARIS.

(Altar-Cloths.)

- V. Our help is in the name of the Lord.
 R. Who hath made heaven and earth.
 V. The Lord be with you.
 R. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

Hear, O Lord, our prayers: and deign to bless ✠ and sanctify ✠ these linens prepared for the service of the holy Altar. Through Christ our Lord. R. Amen.

Let us pray.

O Lord God Almighty, Who for forty days didst teach Moses Thy servant to make ornaments and linens, which Mary wove and made for the service of the ministry and of the tabernacle of the covenant: deign to bless, ✠ sanctify, ✠ and consecrate ✠ these linens for covering and enfolding the Altar of Thy most glorious Son our Lord Jesus Christ: Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the Unity of the Holy Ghost, God, for ever and ever.

R. Amen.

[Then he sprinkles them with holy water.]

BENEDICTIO CORPORALIUM.

(Carpovals.)

- V. Our help is in the name of the Lord.
 R. Who hath made heaven and earth.
 V. The Lord be with you.
 R. And with thy spirit.

Let us pray.

O most merciful Lord, Whose power is unspeakable, Whose Mysteries abound with hidden wonders: grant, we beseech Thee, that this linen may be sanctified with Thy gracious blessing, ✠ that upon it may be consecrated the Body and Blood of God and our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son: Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the Unity of the Holy Ghost, God, for ever and ever.

R. Amen.

Let us pray.

O Almighty and Everlasting God, deign to bless, ✠ sanctify, ✠ and consecrate ✠ this linen for covering and enfolding the Body

and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ Thy Son: Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the Unity, etc. R. Amen.

Let us pray.

O Almighty God, pour upon our hands the help of Thy blessing: that this linen may be sanctified by our blessing ✠ and may, by the grace of the Holy Spirit, become a new napkin (head-cloth) for the Body and Blood of our Redeemer. Through the same Jesus Christ Thy Son our Lord . . . in the Unity of the same Holy Ghost, etc.

R. Amen.

[He sprinkles them with holy water.]

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